Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY Publishers. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars, in Advance.

Vol. XLVII. Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, November 30, 1878. No. 1.

Maine Farmer.

SAMUEL L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Wheat Reports.

The reports of wheat crops in this number of the FARMER are as follows:

Forty-six farmers in the small town of Clifton, Penobscot County, raised 1200 bushels. The farmers belonging to one Farmers' Club in Hancock County, raised 1319 bushels.

Volume Forty-seven.

The MAINE FARMER sends greeting to all its friends, correspondents and patrons at the commencement of volume forty-seven. It has been so long before the people of Maine, and its scope and aims are so well known, that a declaration of its objects and purposes might seem unnecessary, but from the fact that long precedent has generally associated the beginning of a new volume with some address or proclamation of this kind, wherin its conductors make known to subscribers, new and old, the various planks of its platform. It may be said, therefore, in brief, that among the objects for which the MAINE FARMER will continue to labor, are the following:

To arouse attention by gentlemanly, intelligent and honest discussion, to all matters, practical, scientific, social, legislative or other, particularly affecting or connected with the agricultural interests of our State.

To stimulate the farmers of Maine to adopt an improved system of husbandry, and to employ only the best methods of culture and effort, by taking advantage of the results of modern science as well as the practical experience of the best farmers of our State and country.

To bring to the notice of our readers all improvements at home or abroad which may be worthy of adoption, relating to the management of farm stock, the culture of all field crops, and the interests of the farm, stable, dairy, orchard, fruit garden, poultry yard, flower and vegetable garden, and apiary, in their widest sense.

To mark and report all improvements in agricultural machinery, encourage new inventions, and promote the use of all labor saving machines, in the work of the farm and garden; to excite an interest in the progress of rural architecture and farm embellishment; to give due prominence to the rural economy of the farm; and to specially encourage the beautifying of home and the culture of all the graces and accomplishments of social life.

To neglect nothing that has special interest for the dairy farmer or grazier, such as the best breeds of cattle, the best methods of breeding, the most approved systems of butter and cheese making, the best modes of packing and marketing, and the best markets in which to sell.

To give prominence to sheep husbandry and wool growing—notably as to the breeds best adapted to our climate, the best systems of breeding and management in winter and summer—as among the leading industries for which our State is especially adapted.

To give reports of the proceedings at all exhibitions, fairs, conventions, granges, clubs, and farmers' meetings; to note the condition and progress of our prominent herds and flocks, and to record the importation of choice and thoroughbred stock from abroad to improve our own breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and swine.

To have a careful oversight over all the markets in which the farmer is interested, and to report promptly the state and probable condition of the live stock and produce markets at home and abroad; and especially to promote all movements designed to secure the best markets and the highest prices for all the products of the Maine farmer.

To give each week a carefully selected miscellany of stories, poems, sketches, and pure reading for the young folks and the family circle.

To afford the farmers of Maine an ever open medium for addressing their brother agriculturists throughout the State, suggesting matters of common advantage and interest, and bringing out experiences, information and suggestions on all questions of doubt or difficulty, and all matters pertaining to the improvement of rural economy—giving a common medium for the interchange of fact, experiment and opinion, and a channel for the publication of all intelligence of special interest to Maine farmers.

To stimulate in the mind of every reader and subscriber, faith in Maine as a State; faith in farming in Maine as a business; and faith in the employment of brains and intelligence as the prime factors of success in whatever business men are engaged. In brief

To furnish the best paper in Maine at the low price of $2.00 per year in advance. *Our publishers inform us they have room on their books for a few more names of good subscribers.* Please send them along for volume Forty-seven, and all those to follow!

Aroostook, the Future Wheat Field.

The new interest which has been awakened the present fall in Aroostook county, as a field for immigration, business and farming, is sure to produce good results. Not the least of these will be the probable opening up of the vast area of settling lands in the county now held by proprietors, and place them within reach of that class of men who wish to make farms for themselves. Upon this point the Belfast *Journal* well says:

"With the great area of wheat production constantly moving westward, the time is not distant when Maine will be able to get her flour cheaper from Aroostook than from any other point. And Aroostook could produce bread for the whole State. She produces bread enough now for her population of 35 000, possibly enough also for the large number of lumbermen employed. Besides this, Aroostook has increased 15,000 in population since 1860, doing that much to offset the migration westward from other portions of the State. If Maine is to increase her population it will be chiefly in Aroostook county. Let then immediate steps be taken to open its lands to settlement."

A Group of Jerseys.

The beautiful engraving upon this page of our paper, represents a group of thoroughbred Jerseys, and the buildings and grounds of "Echo Farm," the property of Mr. F. Ratchford Starr, of Litchfield, Conn. The reputation of this farm, of the beautiful animals there bred, and of the choice butter produced, have already become world-wide (butter having been ordered directly from China, and sent to that country per express), and shows what capital, brains, and good management can do at farming as a business. The influence of Mr. Starr's breeding and dairy management upon New England farming can but exert an immense good, and his farm is visited daily by gentleman from all parts of the country. The animals shown in the engraving are those which won the first prizes in their class at the great International Live Stock Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and are fine representatives of this popular breed.

Maine State College.

Annual Meeting of the Trustees.

The annual meeting of the Trustees of the State College occurred at Orono on Wednesday of last week, only one member of the Board being absent. The election of officers of the Board for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Hon. Abner Coburn; Secretary, Hon. Lyndon Oak; Executive Committee, Hons. W. P. Wingate, S. T. Hincks and Lyndon Oak. The Treasurer, Hon. Isaiah Stetson, presented his report which was accepted. Mr. Stetson has filled this important position for many years, with great acceptance to the officers of the Board, and for the best interests of the College, but on account of impaired health and the probability of absence from the State during the coming year, he tendered his resignation to take effect in January, and Col. Eben Webster of Orono was elected in his place. The Board passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Stetson for the faithful and efficient manner in which his gratuitous but very valuable services have been rendered to the College.

The reports of the members of the Faculty were presented to the Board, through Dr. Allen, President of the College. These all show that the work in the several departments has been most satisfactory, and the progress of the students all that could be desired. The total number in attendance is one hundred and twenty-one, the last Freshman class numbering over thirty. Prof. F. L. Hills, who has had charge of modern languages and military science resigned his chair the first of October to accept a Government position in connection with the public works now in progress at Charleston, S. C., and it will devolve upon the Trustees during the interim of the terms, to provide his successor or make provision for instruction in those departments. Prof. Ch. H. Fernald is to spend his winter vacation abroad and has already sailed for England and the Continent. He is a diligent and earnest student, has been constantly growing in usefulness to the College, and will return from the schools and museums of the Old World better fitted than ever to give instruction to his classes in the natural sciences. Rev. Dr. Allen, who has occupied the position of President of the College for the past six years, closes his connection with the institution in January next. He has labored faithfully and earnestly for the up-building and growth of the College, and has a large circle of warm friends among its graduates, students, officers, and the friends of the Institution all over the State, who will extend to him in whatever position he may be called to work in the future, their best wishes for his prosperity and success. The Board attested their high estimation of the value of his counsel and suggestions, by placing him upon the Visiting and Examining Committee of the College.

The past year has witnessed the successful inauguration at the College, at private expense, of the system of workshop instruction, in accordance with the desires of the Trustees and the requirements of the Act of Congress. Our readers have already been made acquainted with the starting of the vise shop in June last; and the first of October the Forge shop was also started up. The building is erected in the rear of the Laboratory, provided with a steam engine and boiler, and eight forges. Almost the entire work on the building was done by the students of the College who genorously gave their hard labor that the same might be a success. Mr. B. F. Sturtevant of Boston presented the College with one of his celebrated steam blowers for the shop, and another Boston firm presented a steam guage of the value of $60. The chief donor towards the shop and its fixtures was Ex-Gov. Coburn, who has already contributed liberally to the library of the College, and the remaining sum was obtained from private sources, Prof. W. A. Pike of the College being a liberal contributor of time and money. The shop was started up Oct. 3, with Mr. C. S. Webber of Bangor as foreman, and the class in the Forge shop consists of sixteen students, who work in sections of eight, alternate days, giving four hours per day to shop work. The students purchased their own tools themselves, and Mr. Webber says their progress during the brief time they have been at work, is beyond that acquired by the ordinary apprentice in one year's time. Prof. Pike is constantly in the shop during hours of work, and his enthusiasm in the matter has been conveyed to his pupils, who work with energy and satisfaction in a study so interesting and practical.

During the past year the farm has been in charge of Mr. T. G. Rich, and the Executive Committee report a most satisfactory condition of the farm, stock, &c. The crops raised have been good, and the balance of the year is largely in favor of the farm. The agricultural instruction and the experiments in agriculture have been in the hands of Prof. Farrington, the full details of which will be given in his report to be presented to the Legislature in January.

The question of a successor to Dr. Allen, as President of the College, was fully considered by the Board, but finally left in the hands of a committee, who will perform the duty assigned them during the present vacation. Altogether the year has been a successful one, and the prospects of the institution are encouraging and satisfactory.

A Significant Fact.

It is a significant fact that the best wheat crop for 1878, reported through our columns in this number, is in a section where a district Farmers' Club was organized a year ago, during which time it has increased its membership from twelve to thirty-seven. It is impossible for the influence of such a conference of farmers to be any other than quickening and improving to practical agriculture in the place where it exists, as the results of the Dadham Club plainly shows.

Organize the Farmers' Club now!

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer

Some Evening Talks—No. I.

A Plea for the Old-fashioned Fire-Place

"Well, then! I do declare *this* is some thing like," said the squire, rubbing his hands gleefully and holding them up to the blaze; "these open fire-places for real, downright, homely comfort do beat all the stoves ever invented. But my wife, now neighbor Thompson, if you'd believe it, really insists that she likes a "soapstone" better. It's so much less work to keep the fire a-going—and besides, it makes a leal less dirt—which I guess is the secret of her preference after all. But what's the use, I say, of sacrificing comfort for all this extra neatness and convenience? For me, give me a good, old-fashioned, open wood fire like this; it is one of the things that I'm sorry to see going out of fashion on the farm." And the old gentleman who had spoken with more than usual emphasis, settled comfortably down into an easy chair and lights his pipe at the glowing embers.

"So am I, Squire Jones," I responded with equal emphasis,—for an open fire is one of my weaknesses,—"and fashion or no fashion, I don't mean to give it up while the wood-pile holds out."

You see, the Squire, who was a near neighbor, and one of the most free-handed farmers in Jonesville, had dropped in with his wife and daughter—a young miss of sixteen—for an evening's chat. The night was pretty blustering outside, and with a view to warmth, as well as cheer, I had just piled on a few extra billetts of wood, which rapidly kindling into a blaze, sending a ruddy glow out into the farthest corner of the room.

The effect was indeed exhiliarating. The light and warmth, the crackling flames, the merry bluster and roar of the heated air as it went roistering up the chimney, was in pleasant contrast with the November bleakness outside. We all moved back a pace or two, as the glowing heat began to penetrate the room. Even the sleepy cat upon the hearth-rug got up, half dazed, stood blinking a moment at the fire, and them moved away to a less exposed corner of the broad fire-place.

"There, Mary, that is what *I* call pleasant—looks like old times, dont it?" the squire remarked to Mrs. Jones, as that lady with my wife came in from the kitchen where they had been comparing notes about sundry domestic matters.

"Well, it *is* cheerful," Mrs. Jones admitted. "I do believe, Mrs. Thompson, your sitting-room is the pleasantest one in Jonesville. It always looks so cozy and comfortable—so *home-like*."

"All owing to the open fire-place," suggests the squire discontentedly. "Our room is as large and as pleasant as this, and it's pretty comfortably furnished; but with that box of a stove, and the fire all shut up, it seems like a prison compared with this."

"But papa, you know it doesn't seem so when we are all at home, and the lamp lighted, and the books and magazines on the table," put in Miss Nelly deprecatingly, like a sensible, home-looking girl as she was.

"That was well thought of, puss," said the squire brightening up. "But I like the open fire-place after all."

"And so do I," said Mrs Jones. "But you know, Mr. Thompson, they burn out a good deal of wood, and make a good deal of work; what with tending the fire, and sweeping and dusting—and as Mr. Jones and I are getting along in years, we thought we would try one of the new fashioned stoves. You remember that our sleeping-room opens out of the sitting-room, and by putting in a large stick of wood just before going to bed, we keep a fire all night—and it's quite a comfort I assure you, to have a warm room to dress in these cold mornings."

"That is very true," I assented, "but by raking up a large brand just before retiring, you can maintain nearly the same warmth, and with a little dry kindling wood which the squire could put in before going to the barn in the morning, you could have the comfort, not only of the warmth, but of the ruddy glow. Besides, according to the testimony of our best informed physicians, the air of a room, heated by a close stove, is unfit to sleep in; since in a state of repose the lungs are less able to resist the deleterious influences of a tainted atmosphere; and during the night, with closed doors and windows, there can be little ventilation. I am decidedly of the Squire's opinion that, on the farm at least, the old-fashioned fire-place should be held sacred against the innovations of fashions."

"I don't know but you are half right, Mr. Thompson," said Mrs. Jones; "but still I think there is much to be said in favor of the 'soapstone.'"

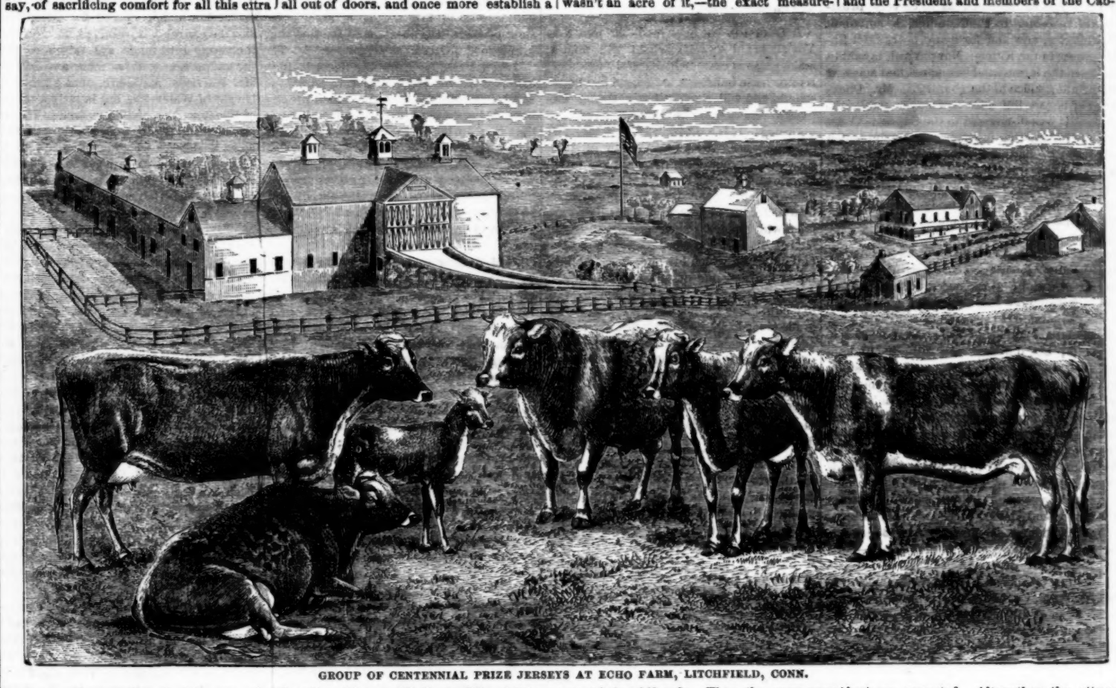
"On the score of convenience and economy, I grant all you would say. But of their comparative unhealthfulness, I think there can be no doubt. Why, with your outside windows and close fitting doors, you will hardly get a sniff of fresh air of an evening. While with an open fire, the air is constantly changing; the chimney-flue is one of the very best of ventilations, acting as an escape valve to carry off the poisonous gases generated by the act of breathing; while from a partly open door fresh air may be let in to supply the place of that which is exhausted—*burned up*, so to speak. One of the greatest objections to a stove of any kind is, that we are almost certain to keep our rooms too warm, the greater degree of heat required to make us comfortable; while with pure, fresh air to breathe, the temperature of our bodies is in a much greater measure kept up by the oxygen consumed; besides, an open fire *radiates* heat, and *seems* warmer from its cheerful, ruddy glow. It seems to me that one of the greatest faults of the age is, we are too *utilitarian*; comfort, health, happiness, æsthetics, everything is sacrificed to base utility. I think, Mrs. Jones, you will agree with me, that since the advent of the cooking-stove in the kitchen, and the air-tight in the sitting-room, in place of the open fire-place, the health of our New England people—more especially of the women, who, being more confined in-doors, are more exposed to their injurious influences—has steadily declined, until now it is seldom that we find a person, man or woman, who can be called really well. In England, on the contrary, stoves are almost unknown. The cheerful, open grate has always been maintained, and a healthier, hardier, or happier race of people cannot be found upon the face of the earth. But pardon me for speaking upon the subject so warmly and at such length. My excuse is that I fully believe in what I have been saying."

"I think, wife, that Mr. Thompson has made out a very good case," said the squire. "Suppose we go home and pitch the stoves all out of doors, and once more establish a hearth and home with the traditional "*Lares* and *Penates*." Now to my mind, Bro. John has omitted one of the most objectionable features of this wholesale banishment of the hearthstone, which is, that it is to the last degree unpatriotic, demoralizing and dangerous to the National integrity. Suppose one of these years we should be threatened with domestic war, or foreign invasion,—who do you suppose is going to fight for a dismal old soapstone? The idea is too ridiculous!"

This sally from the squire, although not very new or original, was received with "applause and laughter," and by tacit consent the subject was dropped.

By the time the maple and birch logs had burned down to a mass of glowing, red hot coals, and our conversation had likewise subsided into a subdued ripple of talk between the two women, about such matters as the knitting of socks and mittens, I got up, carefully replenished the wood, and having passed around a basket of Northern Spy, with a sprinkling of Ribston Pippins and golden Bellflowers, we were all quite ready to broach another subject. But the limits of this paper having been already reached, I must defer what was said during the remainder of the evening until another time.

JOHN THOMPSON.



GROUP OF CENTENNIAL PRIZE JERSEYS AT ECHO FARM, LITCHFIELD, CONN.

For the Maine Farmer.

Hartford and Sumner Show.

Criticisms on the Management of Fairs.

I spent a few hours on the ground of this show, and such a day we seldom see at this season (Oct. 22). It was decidedly too warm for comfort. The teams were on hand early and such teams! They reminded one of the ante-Jersey fairs at Readfield. I took no pains to collect items, so I cannot give names or numbers, but the teams were very handsomely arranged with regard to size and were so long that the field was not long enough for them to straighten out. I did not see a Jersey and it would take some courage in a man to put one on exhibition there. I noticed that the cattle followed the custom that is too prevalent among the human race; the steers took their fathers along, but their mothers stayed at home. Not a cow was to be seen on the ground.

The horses and colts on exhibition were all good. The farm products and fancy work filled the school house and gave proof that the farm and garden, the rug hook and quilting frame are not forgotton or kept useless

Compton's corn was shown among the rest and was well spoken of. The crowd of auctioneers and dime grabbers was almost numberless and made the whole affair hideous with their howling. I think the community will shut off some of this business before long. My old friend of the silver wash was there passing his plated two cent pieces for quarters and nickels for five or ten cents, and selling the wherewith to do it for ten cents per bottle. I could not learn his name, but shall remember that face, with a black hat and grey overcoat.

There in that (Morrill) school house is where I began my career as school teacher. I never taught there or any where else, but I engaged that school one winter and then before commencing concluded that I had no knowledge to spare and told the agent he must get some other man. Therefore the scenery about there seemed very familiar, but the faces have nearly all changed. On a house near the school house was a board bearing the words: "Dinners Here," and I confess that house had a peculiar attraction for I left home before breakfast and forgot to take a luncheon. I was the first man at table in the south room of that old farm house, and the baked beans, potatoes and boiled ham, plum pudding and mince and apple pies found a ready market, and when the man in waiting took the thirty-five cents, there was a mutual feeling that the profit of the operation must come out of a third party.

In the afternoon there was a trial of plows. The Ames "Centennial" and the Paris, both swivel plows. I do not know which took the preference, but I liked the Paris best, and have since seen where one of the same pattern has actually turned good furrows up-hill. I don't know whether there was any drawing match or not. But I am still more fully convinced that if such swarms of auctioneers and peddlars, grab games, side shows and gobbling matches are permitted to infest and overrun our annual fairs, they will soon be more of a damage than benefit and cease to draw a company of respectable people. Think of a chap with an image of a human face set up to throw balls at. Five cents to throw the three balls, "For one hit, one cigar; two hits, two cigars; three hits in succession, you get a half dollar." The the three hits in succession are as good as impossible, and the cigars cost less than a cent apiece and not one boy in twenty gets even a cigar, and the one who does is worse off than those who do not. This is only one of a large number of similiar tricks that have infested our fairs this fall. The State fair seemed more like an encampment of these cut-throats with scarcely people enough to give them all an audience. Is it not time that the head authorities and the officers of fairs put a stop to such transactions? Or do the managers of our large fairs let themselves as stool-pigeons to get together a crowd so these chaps can fleece them? In other words, do these fellows pay more for the privilege than the respectability of the society is worth? What do managers of fairs, and readers of the FARMER think about it?

O. H. L.

North Turner.

For the Maine Farmer.

Pedigree Corn.

You have heard, Mr Editor, the old anecdote of the man who said that his pig, when killed, did not weigh so much as he expected, and that he always knew it wouldn't. It was somewhat that way with my acre of the pedigree, or Pierce corn, of which I sent you a sample, with the promise of giving the details of the crop as soon as it was cribbed. In the first place, there wasn't an acre of it,—the exact measurement being 148 rods. Then the rows were farther apart than they would have been, had it not been necessary to make them "line" with the rows of an apple-nursery, for convenience of cultivation; and as the trees were in rows 4 feet asunder, the corn had to be the same, instead of 3 feet, as I usually plant it.

Then, instead of going first, last, and all the time for a big crop merely, I must needs, as usual, experiment a little on methods of planting and fertilization. Three-fourths of the piece was manured with ashes broadcast (30 bushels), and with one quart of sulphate of ammonia to the hundred feet of row. The other fourth was manured with "Stockbridge." The first coat me at the rate of $14 per acre, the last at the rate of $24 for the same area. Half of that on the ashes and sulphate was dropped 5 inches apart in the hill, and the other half with that on the "Stockbridge" 10 inches apart. All these tests and trials were calculated to give information, perhaps, but at the sacrifice of yield; and you will not be surprised when I report only 144 bushel baskets of ears on the whole piece. As it stood in stook 30 days of very dry weather, (being perfectly ripe when cut, as shown by the trace sent you, which was taken from the stalks before cutting), I do not think it will shrink much in drying. In fact, it was easy enough to grind when husked. There were a little over 4 bushels of "pig-corn" (from the suckers), so that taking it all together, the yield was at the rate of one bushel of ears to the square rod of ground,—or counting two bushels of ears to one of shelled corn (and it will go over that), there was a crop of 80 bushels to the acre.

Now as in the ordinary way of culture I have heretofore averaged 75 bushels to the acre, and as this piece looked better than usual, I did expect I should have been able to report a yield this year of 100 bushels, or perhaps more. But I lost by the wide rows and the experimenting, nearly as much as I gained in the yield per rod of row.

Now, for the reason of my experiments, and the information got from them. Planting in rows 4 feet apart, instead of 3 feet, I thought (but was not sure) that it would stand thicker planting in the row. I tried this on half the ground manured with ashes and sulphate of ammonia, putting in the corn just twice as thick as my rule is when planting in rows 3 feet apart. The rest of this part, and all planted on the "Stockbridge," was put in at my usual distance (10 inches), thus standing no thicker in the row than I should have planted it, if the rows had been 3 instead of 4 feet apart.

The whole number of rows was 40. Of these, 30 rows were manured with the ashes and sulphate, and 10 with the Stockbridge fertilizer. Half, or 15 rows, of the first was dropped 5 inches apart in the drill, and the rest, with the Stockbridge part, at 10 inches. Now for the result. The first 15 rows yielded 46 1-2 bushels of ears, or at the rate of 3 1-10 bushels to the row. The second 15 rows gave 59 1-2 bushels of ears, or at the rate of almost 4 bushels to the row. The 10 rows on Stockbridge yielded 42 bushels of ears, or a little over 4 bushels to the row. This result seems to shows that by doubling the seed in the first 15 rows I lost 13 bushels of ears of corn in the crop. But I still think that if I had planted my seed evenly over the whole piece—that is, had put it in uniformly at a distance of about seven inches,—I should have got my 200 baskets, or 100 bushels of shelled corn. Or, in other words, I think it was too thick on the first 15 rows, and not thick enough on the rest of the piece. The ground was a clover and orchard-grass sod, that had been pastured for two years, being previously in mowing. It was turned over in the fall, and harrowed in the spring with the Randall harrow just before planting. It had no other manure than that mentioned above. The character of the soil was that called here "marly," —i. e. a moderately light loam, but not sandy.

Newport, Vt. T. H. HOSKINS, M. D.

For the Maine Farmer.

Old vs. New Sections of Maine.

Seeing in the FARMER several letters about Aroostook, and having some knowledge of that part of our State, I thought I might give some facts which have been left out by others. Some have styled it the "garden of Maine," but I hardly see it. The land no doubt is good, perhaps the best in the State, but I think there are many other places in the State where one can get as good crops without more labor than in Aroostook. The land must be cleared, which will involve considerable hard labor, and then the stumps will remain for years to work around, and at last must be dug out, which takes additional labor. Now I think consideriug everything, that if a man would, instead of going to Aroostook, buy one of the many farms which are for sale in older parts of the State, and settle down, and work as hard as he would be obliged to in the Aroostook, he could pay for a farm much quicker than he could make one in the Aroostook, besides enjoying far better social, educational, and religious privileges. Consequently my advice to young men would be not to go to the Aroostook as long as there are plenty of farms for sale in older parts of the State. WANDERER.

For the Maine Farmer.

International Dairy Fair.

In order that none may miss the opportunity to participate in the International Dairy Fair, I call your attention to the fact that the time for its opening is near at hand and that but a few days remain in which exhibits can be received. You have been well advised of the progress of the enterprise by the daily and agricultural press, and up to the present moment everything promises exceedingly well. The trade of this city is thoroughly aroused to its importance, and from all sections come reports of increasing interest. The entries are already very large and the attendance will be great. Some of the most prominent men of the country have consented to deliver addresses, and the President and members of the Cabinet are expected. Altogether the attractions will secure a great attendance. The building in which the fair is to be held is one of the best known in New York, being occupied annually for the exhibitions of the American Institute. It is 800 feet long and 200 feet wide and well adapted to the purpose.

The advantage of this fair to producers cannot be over estimated. It will attract the attention of the world in the most emphatic manner to our cheese and butter, which now require the largest advertisment that can be given them to increase their consumption and bring the industry back to a paying basis; it is therefore the personal interest of every owner of a cow that the success of this Fair should be unmeasured, as it should be their pride.

As an independent observer, I am glad to say that the Executive Committee have done their work faithfully and well and richly deserve the confidence they enjoy; no enterprise of the same magnitude could have been managed with fewer mistakes. Due regard has been shown all sections, in fact the aim has been to treat all upon a common footing, serving the interest of each in the highest degree. The Board of Judges will be composed of the best men of the Dairy industries in all its departments, and their decisions will be satisfactory to all from their high standing and skill.

I urge that every producer of butter or cheese who can send one or more packages of either article and who has not already made arrangements, will send his article to the General Superintendent, 309 Greenwich Street, New York, at once, with particulars of manufacture. The goods will be properly taken care of and you can have them sold on your account to a good advantage after the fair is over.

J. H. REALL.

70 *Warren St., New York.*

For the Maine Farmer.

Gloria Mundi.

Two or three weeks since there was an inquiry in the FARMER about this apple. I have two trees, at least 50 years old, which have never failed to bear a full crop every year, though of late years, on account of age, the quantity is diminishing; but one very young tree this year yielded a barrel, all of the largest size. The apple is very large and coarse, and so hard it is almost impossible to bruise it.

For many years we considered it worthless; but about 20 years since, some one suggested it might be a good cooking-apple, and it has proved to be so decidedly. Peel it, remove the core and stew it whole, with a little sugar and water, and you will have as handsome and delicious a dish as can be made from apple; and for pies, no apple surpasses it. Downing says its origin is unknown. I have always supposed it was one of the many apples introduced from England by Dr. Benj. Vaughan. It keeps as well as the Baldwin,—say into March. Although I do not think it quite merits its name, "*Glory of the World*" yet from its uniform great size, freedom from worms or other blemishes, and admirable qualities for cooking, I think it well worthy of cultivation. [Our inquiry was not made concerning this well known variety; but about the "Gloria Mundi of Maine"—sometimes called the Sawyer Sweet. Perhaps, however, our inquiry was not definately stated, and we thank our valued correspondent for his article.—ED.]

R. H. G.

Oaklands.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Hancock County.

Dedham is a little town in Hancock county, situated among the hills, twelve miles from Bangor, which was settled over fifty years ago. These farms are still carried on by a class of men who are trying to get a living by farming. Although we do not expect that we can report as large yields as we hear from the great farming county of Aroostook, yet we are a going to do the best we can to bring farming up to a higher standard.

Last February we organized a Farmer's Club. We started with twelve members, and now have thirty-seven. There has been a marked interest in farming in the vicinity of this club this season, and the result of our labor has given us new courage. I will send you a report of our wheat and corn crop. In the vicinity of this club there has been raised, thirteen hundred and nineteen bushels of wheat, and about five hundred bushels of shelled corn. I planted one half acre of corn and harvested eighty-seven bushels of sound shelling ears.

I read with interest the reports of other societies, and am glad to see such an advancement in agricultural pursuits in our good old State. The officers of our club are: P. S. Hurd, President; A. S. Moulton, Vice President; J. W. Burrill, Treaser; J. B. Burrill, Secretary. J. B. B.

Dedham.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Report of the Hickerson Cheese Factory, Moulton, for the season of 1878.

The season extended from May 1st to November 1st—six months. Whole number of pounds of milk, 504,507; cheese, 899. Largest amount of milk for one day, 4,306 lbs.; amount of milk in the month of October, 71,430 lbs.; number of sage cheese, 75; five hundred of the cheese have been consigned to Foster, Weeks & Co., 85 Clinton St., Boston, and the greater part of the balance has already been sold at the factory at prices ranging from 11 1-4 to 14 cents per pound.

During the month of June careful tests were made with the Cream Guage. The instrument used is known as the Pint Cream Glass, Graded. There were no herds of cows claiming to be thoroughbred or even half-bred Jersey; but there is more or less Jersey blood all through the herds of this locality. June 8th one patron gained a percentage of 14 1-2. On the 13th another stood at 14. On the 24th still a third showed 13 per cent, and during all these tests a good many stood at 11, 11 1-2 and 12 per cent. In the month of September in testing a patron's milk, at three tests it stood 11 1-2, 13 1-2, 14 per cent. Great care was exercised in regard to the quality of the milk, and if the test of the Guage was not satisfactory the milk could not be any longer received.

In the midst of the present depression of the trade and the low prices it may be of interest to state that a wish has already been expressed by our Boston buyers that they might obtain 2000 cheese of our make another season. The Houlton factory, known generally as the "Old Factory" has made 923 cheese, having received rather more milk than the Nickerson. When we consider that these factories are not ten rods apart, and draw their milk from the same territory, we may claim Houlton as the banner cheese town of the State this year. As to highest flow of the milk, there was received at the two factories 9,400 lbs. of milk per day.

B.

Wheat Crop in Clifton.

I noticed in a late number of your paper a note concerning the crops in this town. I think it is correct in the main, but only states part of the wheat crop. I have obtained from the threshers the amount of wheat raised which is 1,200 bushels, and this amount was raised by 46 farmers (it being a small town), from 75 acres; average eight bushels to the acre.

Clifton. GEO. E. DAVIS.

From North Franklin.

We are having fine weather here. Yesterday I had a team of four horses breaking-up, and there was no frost to interfere with the work. There is snow on the hills and mountains to the north of us. I understand there is quite good sleighing at Rangely. We have but little doubt that next year at this time you can visit Phillips by rail as the narrow guage railroad will be running next fall. The people here are in earnest for the road, and it will surely come.

Phillips, Nov. 16. S. D.

A Request.

Please ask your correspondents to give the county as well as the town in which they live.

J. W. Y.

North Berwick, York.

Inquiry.

Can you inform a subscriber, through the valued columns of your paper, the best way to put away celery in the cellar, so it will keep in fresh condition? H. D. L.

Winthrop.

Sambo's Song.

See de leaves a fallin' down—
Hear de breezes blowin';
See de skies a-lookin' like
De clouds would soon be snowin'.

Chorus—Wake up cull'd folks—
Hustle in dat wood;
Git in your meat and 'taters,
For Summer's gone for good!

See de frost on top de grass,
An' h'ar de chil'en crying;
De ivy green has got a chill
An' base-ball am a dyin'.

Chorus—Wake up in de mornin'—
Make dem black boots fly!
Summer's gone an' Winter cold
Won't pass de darkey by!

De 'possum wanders all alone,
De woodchuck sadly calls;
De hickory nut it can't hold on,
An' to de ground it falls.

Chorus—Lift up dem feet bradder—
Make de cabin tight!
De Winter will be here an' cold,
Kase Summer was so bright!

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The American Farmer's Future.

The Nation is looking with wondering gaze at the growth of railroad, mining and manufactures as the tyyes of prodigious advance in material development. The farmer has learned to feel that he has a direct interest in all this, because it gives him home markets that render it unnecessary for him to depend upon the foreign demand. But the farmer has not yet learned (because the agricultural interest is not organized on the same scale as the industrial) that in all this opening of a higher and better civilization he has new aims to look to, new interests to develop, new importance to understand and care for. He has not yet understood this, because it is difficult for the scattered and isolated cultivators to learn these things, that with the increased variety of manufactures there come openings for new crops that he can raise.

The capitalist can employ chemists and scientists to prepare processes and adopt raw materials to the arts But the farmer has no chemist at his command and no scientist to advise him of the methods of utilizing what he wastes for the law of knowledge. The Agricultural Department tells him at times of new crops he can raise for which there is a demand in the home markets, and it distributes seed far and wide, some of which are always tolerably sure to fail on congenial soil. What is needed is that our American farmers should exhibit the same intelligent spirit of enterprise displayed by the inventor and manufacturer: that they should appreciate the new spirit of American civilization, and rush forward to make agriculture not the mere follower and servant of manufactures, but the great leading and advancing interest. As the cotton-crop was vast before we had any cotton manufactures, so we would have the farmers drive ahead boldly with other crops, not waiting merely upon the home market, but pushing forward boldly to supply the markets of the world.

What seems to be wanted is that the farmer should not be content to merely follow in the beaten track; to do as his father did; to raise the same crops, and to depend upon the same markets. The times require that he should consult his own interest according to his own best judgment; that he should read carefully and regularly all the best agricultural periodicals and publications, and especially be wide-awake for new methods, new crops, new machinery, &c. If this shall be neglected we shall see the old errors repeated, one market being overloaded with peaches, another with grain, a third with cotton; men casting away a crop of tomatoes as useless, &c.

This seems to be the principal error of American agriculture. It lacks variety. Go into a new state like Iowa or Minnesota, and everybody will be found raising grain. Go into another region and everything is corn. So it goes over the area of our vast empire. Our farmers move as by one multitudinous impulse. Scarcely one farmer in a hundred thinks out independently a course for himself. But we believe a better day is dawning. The best classes of agricultural publications find ready readers and exercise a growing influence. New crops obtain favor gradually, and if the general press will only render its share of the work and call out loudly and unceasingly for a greater diversification of agriculture and for a more enterprising and systematic movement forward, we are sanguine of great results. The common farmer stands in great need of being made to understand how vast is the future opening before him, and how largely the real greatness of the Republic depends upon the class to which he belongs. He can really do more to render the Nation truly independent and self-reliant than any other class or interest in the community. The question to be laid before every farmer is, Will he rise to the emergency?—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Poultry Notes.

For the past eleven years I have been interested in everything I have seen printed about poultry, as I have been anxious to learn the best method of keeping fowls, and whether a farmer could make any profit from a stock of 100 or 200 hens. I have come to the conclusion that, according to the nearly unanimous verdict of different writers, there are few things from which a farmer can derive so large a profit with so small an outlay, as from a flock of fowls of the right breed, properly treated. I have kept from 25 to 60 birds in order to ascertain by experiment which breed was the best and would yield the largest profit. My conclusion is that farmers can do much better with good common hens, with some good-blooded cock, than with a flock of fancy fowls. A good cross among poultry is as valuable as among stock. One of the most profitable kinds for a farmer is a cross between the Leghorn hen and a Poland or Brahma cock. Their progeny are good layers, nice for the table and profitable for market. The White Leghorn is the most profitable breed for eggs; they need a little more care than some other sorts, but care of poultry pays.

In order to secure a profit from fowls, however, a few conditions are essential. First, every farmer who keeps hens should build a hennery for them, so arranged that it can easily be kept clean and well ventilated. In winter the temperatue in it should be warm enough to prevent it from freezing—say from 45 to 60 Fah. A supply of fresh water therein is of great importance; hens drink often if they can get water. Ground feed is best when eggs are wanted. corn and wheat middlings form an excellent combination for food; but meat should be given them, by way of change, once or twice a week, if not oftener. With a large flock of fowls this is essential. Nests should be made of bright straw instead of hay. Hens are pleased with a neat place for depositing their eggs, and appreciate good care. Hens receiving proper attention will give a net profit of $1.50 to $2 a year each until they are four years old. Clam shells are excellent for making egg shells. They should be burnt, pulverised and kept in the hennery at all times, especially in winter.—*D. S. Hoyt, in Rural New Yorker.*

Beet Sugar in Maine.

Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1878, will be memorable in the annals of this State, for on that day and in the presence of Gov. Connor, the Maine Beet Sugar Company of Portland turned out 94,000 pounds of granulated sugar, the first ever made in the United States from beets grown in America. Several establishments have, it is true, made small quanties of raw sugar of excellent quality, but regular boiling of refined sugar made from raw beet sugar produced in the United States has never before been attempted in the Atlantic States.—*Maine State Press.*

We are glad to know that the experiment in the manufacture of beet sugar has resulted successfully in Maine. Our contemporary is, however, mistaken in saying that it is the first granulated sugar made from the beets grown in the United States. It is true that it is the first produced in the Atlantic states. At the Chatsworth, (Ill.) factory granulated (refined) sugar made from beets grown there was sold in Chicago by the carload, and upon its merits, as refined sugar, for a price within one-fourth of a cent per pound, and even at one-eighth of a cent less than the price of the best New York refined cane sugar. Refined sugar was also made at Freeport, subsequently, in considerable quantities, the real disability at Chatsworth having finally resolved itself into that of water sufficient to work the crop. At Freeport the failure was from other causes, rather than an inability to raise beets rich in saccharine or a failure to make good sugar. The writer of this was the first to call attention to the fact that beet sugar should be profitable in the east for the reason that there the beet pulp, after being exhausted of its saccharine as far as possible, would be valuable for feeding cattle, and also to the fact that the cultivation of beets and the feeding of stock would largely increase the grain and grass crops of the districts where they were raised. We repeat our sense of gratification at the success of the initial trial in Maine, and hope the success may not only be continued there, but that the industry may be widely extended to other states.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Shipping Apples.

A larger quantity of apples have been exported this year to Europe from the port of Boston than from all other United States ports combined. It is estimated that over 1,000,000 barrels of apples have been gathered in the Eastern States alone. The low price at which apples are selling will induce an increased consumption over that of last year, and will tend to diminish the market price of oranges, cranberries and the like, which fill much the same place as apples in years of scarcity in the latter crop. Apples intended for shipment abroad should be packed in barrels that are pefectly clean and dry. If flour barrels are used all vestige of flour should be removed previous to use. See that there are no nail left projecting to tear the apples. The fruit having been first carefully picked should be placed in the barrel, the first layer stem down, and the barrel filled so that, on the head being forced into place by the screw, there will be

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 30, 1878.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Postage Free to all Subscribers.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post-office direction or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers the printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

Notice to Delinquent Subscribers.

We are now making up the accounts of subscribers to the MAINE FARMER, who are indebted for the paper from the year 1873 to the present time, to be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Opportunity will be given to all who are thus in arrears to make payment to our agents or to this office, at our advertised rates on or before Oct. 1, 1878, if delayed beyond that date, collection will be enforced by legal means.

☞ Owing to the stringency of the times we have extended the time of *delinquent subscribers* to January 1st, 1879. On and after that date we shall discontinue those subscribers that have not settled, and put their accounts into the hands of our Attorney for collection.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. P. CLARK will call upon our subscribers in East Somerset and Piscataquis Counties during November and December.

MR. JOHN W. KELLOGG of Sherman Mills, will call upon our subscribers in Aroostook county during the month of November.

MR. C. S. AYER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford counties during November.

MR. S. N. TABER will call upon our subscribers in Washington County during November.

Ocean Circulation and Temperature.

The almost unparalelled activity which has been going on during the past decade of years in every branch of natural and physical science, has apparently left no sphere of the created universe unexplored. The earth's fauna and flora, the remains of pre-historic nations, the remotest of the planetary worlds, the depths of the ocean—have alike been fields for research, investigation and discovery; and in this work science has won some of its noblest achievements. Take, for example, the investigations which have of recent years been made concerning the depth of the ocean at different points, the character of the life inhabiting it, and the temperature and currents of its vast abyss of waters; and we have results of the greatest interest. Thus, investigations have proved that the waters of the one great ocean of the world, which has its centre in the southern hemisphere, and of which the Atlantic with the Arctic sea and the North Pacific are merely gulfs extending to the northward, are very definitely separated into two layers, each of which so far as temperature and movements are concerned, are under very different conditions. At an average depth of five hundred fathoms a layer of water is reached which has a temperature of 40° F., and which scientists have regarded as a neutral line or belt separating the two distinct stratas of the great waters. Above this line the temperature of the water varies, as it is influenced by terrestrial causes, while beneath it the temperature universally sinks slowly, reaching a minimum at the bottom. And one of most singular results of recent investigations, is the establishment of the fact that all the vast mass of water below this neutral band—often two thousand fathoms in thickness—is moving slowly to the northward, which clearly indicates that the cold source from whence it comes is in the Antarctic or southern sea. Moreover in this sea there is the most abundant proof that at a depth of four hundred fathoms there is a band of comparatively warm water coming from the northward. The water in this band gradually increases in warmth towards the north, and is constantly receiving new supplies of warm water which can be derived from no other source.

It seems now to be thoroughly established by lines of trustworthy soundings which have been run in all directions, that the average depth of the ocean is something over two thousand fathoms, and that in all probability it nowhere exceeds five thousand fathoms. Indeed depths beyond four thousand fathoms are very rare, and are believed to be pits in the neighborhood of volcanic islands. In the great basins of the ocean, there are depressions extending over considerable areas where the depth reaches three thousand fathoms, and the law seems to be established that these depressions maintain a certain parallelism with the axis of the great land continents, which may be in their neighborhood. Within four hundred miles of the shore in deep and shallow water alike, formations derived mainly from the crumbling away of the rocky shores are continually going on; while in locations of two thousand fathoms of water a chalky formation seems to be taking place. In the great depths of the ocean—those abyssal regions which occupy an area of fully ten millions of square miles, and having a depth of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand fathoms—no such deposits are taking place; but the tube of the sounding instrument brings up an extremely fine reddish clay, containing, when examined under the microscope, quantities of distinctly recognizable particles, organic and inorganic—but at the same time unlike in structure and in chemical composition any known geological formation. And yet, singular as it may seem, a magnet drawn through some of this red clay from these ocean depths, catches on its surface particles of metallic iron and metallic nickel. Sir Wyville Thompson—the great English philosopher who has made a specialty of deep-sea studies—is of opinion that the red clay in which these elements are found is formed in a great measure by the decomposition of the lighter products of sub-marine volcanoes drifted about by currents, and finally becoming saturated with water and sinking. In regard to the life of the ocean, recent investigations have determined that there is no limit in depth to the distribution of any group of gill-bearing marine animals. Fishes, which, from their structure and from what is known of the habits of similar species, must certainly live on the bottom, have come up from all depths, and at all depths the whole of the marine invertebrate classes are more or less fully represented. The life of the great ocean depths, is moreover, a rich and varied one, including many genera, and an enormous number of species, about which, as yet, but very little is known.

On one point of great interest, that relating to Arctic explorations, late investigations on ocean currents and temperature seem to have furnished very sensible results. It seems to have settled, if that can be called settled which is yet unsatisfactory, that what is called an open Polar sea does not exist. It is true that in 1871 Count Wilczek of the Swedish Polar Expedition found the sea between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen nearly free from ice; and that in 1861 Dr. Hayes saw a vast open expanse of water, which in 1875-6 Capt. Nares found filled with ice. So that what has been supposed to be an open Polar basin, is neither an open sea nor continuous ice, but a fearful compromise between the two, an enormously heavy "pack" formed by the piling up and crushing together of the ice floe of successive years, breaking up and shifting according to the prevailing direction of the wind, and leaving in one place and another, deceptive places of open water, which are liable to be closed any day and transformed into a chaotic mass of hurling icebergs and floes, by a hurricane from another direction. And Sir Wyville Thompson, before quoted, is of opinion that it is useless to attempt to reach a northwest passage except to choose between two plans—one of which is nearly as hopeless as the other. The first by the erection of permanent Polar stations, running north in early autumn from station to station, where the sea appears most open; or to push northward during the arctic winter by a chain of communicating stations with ice built refuge huts, well furnished with provisions and paraffine oil—as suggested by Capt. Tyson and Capt. Howgate. But in either case, if successful, would the end to be gained, be worth the expenditure of so much exposure and treasure as it would cost?

THE CASE OF COL. DWIGHT, who has just died at Binghampton, New York, who had insured his life for more than a quarter of a million of dollars, is not, after all, an unexceptionable case. It was asserted immediately after his death, that Col. Dwight insured his life with the intention to destroy it, and that he did carry out his intention. It appears that he was forty-one years of age, apparently hale and hearty, but really affected with pulmonary hemmorrhage; that the cause of his death might have resulted from exhaustion, caused by swimming across the Susquehanna river four times in one day. On the other hand, the friends of Col. Dwight claim that he insured his life in perfect good faith and died from natural causes.

This case calls to mind some facts which were contained in an article read before the New York Medico-Legal Society last March. The writer says: "The Chinese government holds the person responsible for the crime of suicide who gave the offence which caused it. The family of the suicide, likewise, generally obtains large pecuniary compensation; and it is not rare to see wretched beings who are devoted to their families, go and deliberately commit suicide at the house of some rich person. What life insurance company does not know that many insured persons have unquestionably done the same thing, relying on rich insurance companies to provide for their families? The spirit of self-sacrifice for the benefit of those we love, is as old as history and as fresh as to-day." The writer gives several practical illustrations to sustain the theory coming under his own personal observation: he says: "During the last year, a man of intelligence and culture, of mature years, with a wife and four children, to whom he was fondly attached, had the misfortune to get into financial difficulties, and saw bankruptcy and poverty staring him in the face, and the hand of want outstretched and ready to grasp the delicate form of a beloved companion and the tender pledges of their mutual love, and for them, and to drive the wolf from their door, he deliberately and intelligently laid his plans to protect them by the sacrifice of his own life." He did not succeed, so his name and residence are not given. While his family were absent he was found one morning, by a servant, in bed, in an unconscious state, with the covering of the bed drawn over him, and a rubber bag containing chloroform near his mouth. Medical aid was called, and he was finally restored. It was given out, as suggested by him, that burglars had entered the house for the purposes of robbery, and he had been drugged. Upon investigation it was found that he had secured insurance upon his life to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, and sought in his embarrassments to take his life, in order that his family might not want.

The most remarkable case cited in the article to which we have alluded, is the case of Captain George M. Colvocoresses, a Greek by birth, which occurred in Connecticut in the summer of 1872. The Captain lost his parents in the Greek revolution, was picked up as a waif by one of our naval officers, brought to this country and educated in the naval service, remaining in the service many years. In January, 1872, a life insurance agent got information that Captain Colvocoresses, who was then living in Litchfield, Conn., he having retired from the naval service, "was desirous of securing a large line of insurance on his life, and it was not long, therefore, before the agent put himself in communication with his customer. The reason given by the Captain to the agent for wishing to secure a large life insurance, was that he had a suit against the Department at Washington for a large amount of prize money, and as he might lose the suit, he had made up his mind to place as much insurance upon his life, as the amount involved in the suit." He succeeded through his energetic agent, in obtaining in twenty different companies, insurance upon his life, amounting to one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, and in every instance the premiums were made payable semi-annually. He had exhausted all his resources by his first payments, and he must die before the second became due, or his speculation would fail. "He occupied a high social position. His resources had melted away in bad investments; there was no avoiding a sacrifice, and the chivalry of a race and profession, secured the victim." He left home in May for New York city, taking with him a valise, a black satchel, and a bamboo sword cane. Instead of going to New York, he went to Bridgeport. His part had been thoroughly studied: he feared that suicide would avoid his policies, for his attention had been called to that subject by the trial of a case involving the question whether death was the result of suicide or murder, and which he had watched with an intense interest. He took passage on the boat for New York; engaged a state-room and deposited his valise in it, and left the boat with his black bag and sword cane, going to the hotel, where he had been stopping for several days. The boat was to leave at 11 o'clock; this was about half past nine. He remained in the hotel until nearly 11, when he started ostensibly for the boat; he was seen to turn into a narrow street; he bent his sword cane nearly double over a fence, and placing a pistol against his heart, deliberately took his own life. He was speedily discovered, and the facts, which we have given an outline of, were clearly proven, so there was no doubt that the theory of murder was a humbug, and the act premeditated suicide by a sane man. The insurance companies compromised the matter by paying about one-half of the claim. Col. Dwight's case may be another instance of self-sacrifice for those he loved. Insurance companies dislike to contest the payment of a policy, for public opinion has seemed to take the ground that a company should promptly pay its policies, when it is shown that the party insured is dead. Insurance companies, however, owe obligations to those policy-holders, who, in good faith obtain insurance, which should compel them to use all legal means to ascertain in case of death, whether the insured ever deceived the company in life, and whether he did not deceive the company by his death; and aided by an intelligent and healthy public opinion, no fraud can be consummated.

CORRECTION. A typographical error occurred in the total amount of wheat grown in Maine, as reported in last weeks' issue. The sum mentioned was 1,141—whereas it should have been 2,890 bushels. This would make the total amount of wheat reported in a single issue of our journal, 32,890 bushels, instead of 31,141 as printed.

☞ Mr. Henry A. Taber, plumber, of this city, has added steam fitting to his business, and has a first-class steam fitter in his employ, and is now prepared to do all kinds of steam fitting as well as plumbing at the lowest cash prices.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. Mr. Samuel Guild has a full blooded Jersey cow, Augusta, six years old, whose daily yield of milk averages twenty-five pounds, or twelve and one-half quarts; from her milk Mr. Guild makes a little over two pounds of butter a day, which he readily sells at thirty cents a pound. This cow is a better investment than stock in a silver mine.——Mr. Samuel W. Lane is assisting for the present Mr. E. C. Allen in the management of his business. The New Illustrated Herald which Mr. Allen recently commenced to publish has already reached a circulation of over two hundred thousand copies.——The ladies of the Universalist society will hold their annual sale and fair at Granite Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. There will be produced a comedetta, entitled "Silver Stone's Wager," and the farce of "The Little Rebel," to be followed by dramatic recitations, &c. A gocial dance will close the exercises on Wednesday evening. Everyone who attends cannot fail to pass enjoyable evenings. Our friends in the Universalist society excel in their festivals.——Mr. George E. Minot at the recent sale of the State Lands in Bangor, purchased two thousand, one hundred and ninety-three acres.——The inmates of the Insane Asylum are to enjoy the pleasures of a Thanksgiving dinner. It will take 75 good sized turkeys to supply the demands. Capt. Lakin expects to have the barn which has been built the past season, ready for occupancy on next Monday. The State now has six yoke of oxen, forty-five milch cows, thirty-five young animals and four hundred pigs at this institution. It requires a man of large executive abilities to manage the business affairs of this institution, and the State has the right man in the place. Under the management of Capt. Lakin the farm is rapidly becoming the model farm of Maine, and it is so managed as to be very profitable.——Mr. B. F. Chandler, a native of this city, now and for many years Civil Engineer in the Kittery Navy Yard, is said to have the largest and best appointed amateur printing office in the country. Mr. Chandler began life as a newspaper publisher.——It was discovered in the Supreme Court on Monday that the indictment upon which Jason P. Scribner was recently tried and convicted, was defective, by the omission of the word "malice," and so the trial will go for naught. He will be again tried on the second Tuesday of January, at a special term of the Court, for the murder of another child. A new jury will be summoned.——Miss Helen Freeman on Saturday evening at Granite Hall, accomplished the feat of walking 25 miles in 5 1-2 hours, with seven minutes to spare. Her slowest mile, the 11th, was made in 14 minutes, 35 seconds; her quickest, the 25th, in 10 minutes, 40 seconds. Two gold lined silver cups, one worth ten and the other four dollars, were given by Miss Freeman's managers to the two amateurs who should make the best time in a walk of ten and five miles. The five mile contest was won by G. L. Knox of this city in 58 minutes 43 seconds against Stone of Portland. The ten mile contest was quite exciting, between Warren Taylor and Thomas McGraw. Taylor won; time one hour, 56 minutes and 52 seconds, beating Mcgraw only one minute.——Mr. Joseph H. Bridge, a son of Mr. James Bridge of this city is now established in Leadville, Colorado, and is at the head of a Bureau of Mines. We are glad to learn that he is meeting with success in his new home.——Union Thanksgiving services will be held in the First Baptist church on Thursday forenoon at half-past ten o'clock, to which the public are invited. Several of our city clergymen will participate. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Tilden.

WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AFGHANISTAN has actually begun and the fighting commenced. The British Government sent its ultimatum to the Ameer through Sir Nelville Chamberlain, which practically required the Ameer to refuse an alliance with Russia and dismiss the Russian ambassador. The Ameer chose to form his own friendships and refused to accept the propositions made to him. The English troops crossed the frontier on Thursday of last week and occupied Fort Kaplon without resistance and on Friday the English troops captured Fort Ali Musjid, the Afghans retreated in the night, and surrendered a very strong strategic point, for the troops were forced to pass through a defile ten miles long, nowhere more than three hundred feet wide, and at some points not more than forty, with mountains rising on either side to a height of fifteen hundred feet. Through this pass the English troops have made their way, but there still remains for them several miles of equally difficult defile, for them to pass in order to reach a suitable camping ground for the army to make winter quarters. The severity and rigor of the climate render it impossible for the English forces to do much more than to occupy points of advantage, from which they can direct their campaign in the spring. It cannot be expected that England will win any glory from this war. It is a contest between a strong and a weak barbaric nation, and the sympathy of mankind is always with the weak. Russia will undoubtedly endeavor to keep England so occupied with this conflict that she will not meddle with Russian aggrandizement in Turkestan. We shall give a full synopsis of the progress of the war in our column of Foreign News.

A NEW ENGLAND SUNDAY two hundred years ago. Our readers will observe that we present them this week, on the fourth page, in the place usually devoted to a story, a very beautiful and graphic description of a New England Sabbath in the olden time. This description was sent to the FARMER by Captain Daniel Cony, whose letters have made his name familiar to the readers of the FARMER. In his letter transmitting the article, he says: "In its entirety it is a splendid thing; it transports one backward in thought to the days of his ancestors, and among scenes of primitive simplicity and unfeigned religious devotion." His letters, descriptive of Woburn, Mass., his present residence, the last of which appears in this issue, are written in his usual felicitous style. We have his promise to furnish a letter, which will be full of interest to all those who remember the days of the stage coach in Maine. It will be a lively description of a ride from Bangor to Augusta twenty-six years ago. Mr. Cony has just passed his sixty-first birthday, and although a great sufferer from rheumatism, being a helpless invalid, his mind remains bright and vigorous, and he enjoys all that he can of life, with the wise spirit of a true philosopher.

STATE LANDS. The remaining lands owned by the State were sold at public auction in City Hall, Bangor, on Tuesday of last week. Governor Connor and Council were present and they were well satisfied with the result. Purchases were made by the following gentlemen: L. B. Patten, Bangor; Oliver J. McPheters, Orono; Albert Holmes, Medford, Mass.; Geo. E. Minot, Augusta; Hon. J. C. Madison, Houlton; Ebenezer Freeman, Portland; Wm. Engel Bangor; J. P. Webber, Bangor; Hon. Llewellyn Powers. Houlton; James B. Leslie, Patten; Wm. H. McCrillis. Bangor, and Hon. E. C. Farrington, Fryeburg. Sales of soil and timber, 9,245.28 acres, $2574.80. Sales of right to cut timber on 39,317 acres, $1,001.35. Total, $3,587.65.

☞ We go to press on Wednesday this week, in order that all connected with our establishment may enjoy Thanksgiving, and observe the day in a fitting manner.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE and the vice regal party arrived in Halifax harbor on Sunday. The steamer experienced very heavy weather during the voyage; the Princess suffered severely during the trip, but the Marquis was perfectly well and enjoyed himself by fishing for gulls. Shortly after the steamer arrived in the harbor the Duke of Edinburgh, the brother of the Princess, visited the Sarmatian, subsequently the Marquis and Princess Louise left the Sarmatian on the steam launch and went on board H. M. S. Black Prince, where they lunched with H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. On Monday the royal steamer left her moorings at half past ten, and came up the harbor to the dock yard under a salute from the forts. At half past one the vice regal party landed and were received by the Duke of Edinburgh, Gen. McDougall, Vice Admiral Inglefield and all other dignitaries of the city. A grand procession was formed and escorted the vice regal party to the Legislative Assembly Chamber, where the Marquis of Lorne was sworn in as Governor General. His Excellency then received addresses of the Mayor and Corporation in the Assembly Chambers. When he left the parliament house the various city bells rang a merry peal. His Excellency and Her Highness then returned to their carriage and the procession proceeded to the Admiralty house, passing through a large number of streets. The city was decorated in a manner never before attempted by the citizens. The public buildings, business houses and private dwellings were one grand mass of evergreens and banners arranged in every conceivable style. Quite a number of handsome arches spanned the principal thoroughfares decorated with appropriate mottoes. Our Canadian neighbors are making a gala week of it, and all through the Dominion that homage which is due from loyal subjects to the daughter of their Queen, will be gladly paid.

A DECISION has been made in the New York court of appeals which will tend to make persons extremely careful how they rent or lease buildings to be used by liquor sellers, and will give the latter strong motives to refuse drink to a person nearly intoxicated. It is a decision in the interests of temperance. By a (N. Y.) law of 1873, the owner or lessor of premises on which intoxicating liquors are sold is made jointly liable with the tenant for any damage done by an intoxicated person who has been supplied with liquor on such premises. A citizen of Middletown sued the owner of a building from which his son had obtained liquor for the value of a horse which the drunkenness of the son caused him to ride to death. The verdict of the lower courts in his favor has now been affirmed by the court of appeals. According to the principles on which the decision was rendered, if the son had murdered any one or injured person or property to any extent, the owner of the building from which he obtained the liquor could be held responsible for his drunken acts.

IT IS POINTED OUT BY THE NEW YORK MAIL that the losses by fire to the country during the month of November will be even greater than for October, in which month an unusual destruction of property from this cause was noted. The losses of the first ten days of the month aggregated in the neighborhood of a million and a half of dollars. Twenty-one of the fires within that period burned up property to the value of $10,000. The remainder were more destructive. Akron, O.; Murfreesboro, Tenn; and New York City have had $20,000 fires; Abilene, Kansas, suffered a $25,000 loss; Oswego, N. Y., and Peoria, Ill., each lost $30,000; Shamokin, Penn., $40,000; Amsterdam, N. Y., $60,000; N. Salem, N. H., $65,000; Boston, $70,000; Birmingham, Conn., $200,000; and Philadelphia and Cape May close the long list of great fires with a loss of $200,000 and $450,000 respectively. Wide spread incendiarism and the inefficiency of the average fire department are indicated by the circumstances attending many of these fires.

A NEW METHOD of giving signals of warning at sea, said to be an American invention, has been successfully tested. A hollow cylinder, closed at the lower end, is secured by an anchor to the bottom of the sea. In this cylinder is a pump which sucks in the air, compresses it, and sends it out through a whistle. A huge fagot, floating on the surface of the water, and rising and falling with the waves, furnishes the force by which the pump is worked. The whistling which will vary in loudness according to the violence as the movement of the fagot as it is tossed by the waves, is repeated at short intervals, and can be heard for a long distance, even against the wind.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY. The *Journal* says: "The family of George McDonald of Belfast, is in some respects, a very remarkable one. Mr. McDonald's family consists of himself, wife and ten children—seven sons and three daughters. The united ages of all amount to 565 years—the parents being 76 and 71 respectively, and the children from 32 to 51 years. Death has never entered this family, the members all enjoying the best of health. Mr. McDonald was born in Belfast, and is of the tenacious and hardy Scotch blood. We think a more remarkable record of the kind cannot be produced in this State. Of the children, five are residents of Belfast, two of Ellsworth, two of New York, and one of Springvale, in this State.

SALE OF CATTLE. An auction sale of Jersey and Guernsey cows and heifers, imported by Mr. E. P. P. Fowler of England, took place in Boston on last Saturday. A large crowd of purchasers were in attendance, and the prices which the different animals brought were quite high, the cattle were in good condition, and very finely bred. The following sales were made to parties in Maine: Jerseys—Ruth, 2 years old, to Mr. C. R. Milliken, Portland, $190; Abbess, 19 months old, to Blanchard Bros., Cumberland, $155; Rosa, 2 years and 9 months old, to Mr. Milliken, $170. Guernseys—Daisy, 2 years and one month old, to Mr. Edward Norton, Farmington, $280.

SECRETARY SHERMAN having conferred with the New York Clearing House Association, and secured their co-operation in the practical work of resumption, the rule that after the first of January gold will be put on the same basis as legal tender notes, and no special deposits of gold will be received by the banks, has been adopted. Silver, on the other hand, will be received only for sums of ten dollars or less, on an agreement to withdraw it in kind. This will dissipate the premium on gold, and probably establish a small discount upon silver, and it establishes resumption upon a gold, and not upon a silver basis.

THE WHIG SAYS IT IS RUMORED that Judge Morrill of Auburn, is about to visit the town of Mayfield, Piscataquis county, with a view of establishing his marbleizing works in that vicinity. The slate taken from the quarry in that town is nearly all marbleized, and heretofore it had been hauled to Skowhegan, a distance of some 20 miles. Some time since there was some talk of hauling the slate to Abbott, which is about half that distance, and then ship by rail over the Bangor & Piscataquis railroad, but as this was not carried out it is now understood that it is proposed to errect works in the vicinity.

THANKSGIVING IS SCARCELY over when thoughts of merry Christmas and the holidays begin. Old and young should bear in mind that Partridges' Drug Store will soon be opening rich, choice, useful and ornamental goods for seasonable friendly gifts, which are to be sold at rates lower than ever before to meet the requirements of the times.

For the Maine Farmer.

Ancient Woburn.

I have before me a copy of the "History of Woburn," written by the Rev. Sam'l Sewall, who was born in 1785 and died in 1868, and who was, I presume, a sprig of the same family tree from whence sprang the Sewalls of Augusta and the Kennebec family. The volume contains much that possesses more than a merely local interest, since it is nothing less than an epitomised history of primitive New England. If the few extracts I here give, and, to which the limits of a newspaper article restricts me, are read with the same pleasure that I have experienced in transcribing them, I shall be amply rewarded for my labor. I have selected only a few out of a great number of interesting items, but enough, I hope, to convey to the reader profitable suggestions.

As early as 1643, the selectmen of Woburn, who, as it appears, exercised large powers, passed the following order: "That if any man shall absent himselfe from a publike meeting without a lawfull excuse, hee shall pay 13d to the use of the towne." And in 1648-9, there was a vote of the town, imposing a fine of two shillings, for the town's use, upon any inhabitant who should fail to appear by eight o'clock of the morning at any stated annual meeting for election, though unwarned; or who should withdraw on such an occasion, without leave of the assembly, more than a quarter of an hour before the meeting was dissolved; or who should be absent or tardy at any public meeting whatever, that had been legally warned.

In 1664 an order was passed, "imposing a fine of five shillings for the town's use upon any one who should presume on such occasions to speak disorderly, or go on to take up the time of the town unnecessarily." "At a meeting of the selectmen, 9; 4 mo.; (June 9th) 1676, 'the titheing men were chosen, who by law are to haue the oversight of their naighbors, and see that they keepe good orders in their howses.'" The following passages from the Records, indicate that wolves originally were numerous and destructive in Woburn: "Izack Brooks, haueing ingaired to set traps from time to time in a spring betweene Wood hill and Maple medow Playne to *each wolues*, hee haueing bin at Change to alure (allure) the wolues thether; all other persons are prohibited to set any traps at the same place, so long as Izack Brooks liueth, and shall goe on to improue it for the same end or use."

Hard dealing and sharp practises were duly punished, as will appear by the following: "The selectmen meet the 5: of 12 mo; 1676: and fined Hopestill Foster, for opression (oppression) in a case depending betweene Josiah Conurs and himselfe about making brads; two shillings, eight pence of it to the said Josiah Conurs. Also in a case depending betweene Mathew Johnson and the said Forster, for opresion in making streak nayls and putting in riuets (rivets) in cart boxes, eleuen shillings; six of it to the complainant." Instances of consideration for the unfortunate, were common. Here is one:—"At a general meeting, March 1, 1696-7, voted that 'considering that Benj. Wilson, hauing mett with considerable losses, and is very poore, altho' hee be found diligent in his place, hee shall goe rate free for this yeare, to all rates and taxes whatever.'" It appears that the use of liquors at funerals was a universal custom. The historian says: "Whoever died here, intoxicating liquor must be distributed among all who attended his burial. They buried their paupers with rum, and they buried their wealthy men and ministers with wine. One of the charges allowed by the selectmen in 1683, at the death of Geo. Wilkinson, a pauper, was one for three quarts of rum, to be drank at his funeral." And in an account of the funeral expenses of their beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. Carter, in 1684 there is a charge of £2, 9s. 0d. for fourteen gallons of wine. Nor did the custom cease with the 17th century as appears by the following bill, still extant:

"Charlestown, anno, 1726,

"Mr. Jacob Fowl and Mr. Thos. Reed: Bot of Seth Sweetser,	
Sept. 22, To 7 gal. sweet wine, at 6s 6d,	£2 5s 6d
" To 7½ Fyal at 5s,	1 17 6
	£4 3s 0d

"For ye funeral of Mr. Symons Deceased."

Pews in meeting-houses were esteemed great luxuries in the 17th century. In 1707, "the hinde seat in the east gallery next the stairs," was granted to eight young men to sit in, they to repair it at their own charge. The floor of the house was not originally covered with pews, as was recently the universal practice. For upwards of forty years, only two of these aristocratic privileges (as they were probably deemed) were to be seen in Woburn meeting-house—one the ministers pew, the other for the deacons' wives, the deacons themselves having an appropriate seat of their own. In 1713, the town, by special favor, allowed Col. Jonathan Tyng, a gentleman from Boston, who had been one of Gov. Sir Edmond Andros' Council, and who, more recently, had married the widow of the Rev. Jabez Fox of Woburn, and come home to reside, to erect a pew in the meeting-house at his own cost, which was to be the town's property after his own and his lady's decease. Three years after, viz, March 1716, leave was given by the town to the daughters of four principal families to build a pew to sit in, with the proviso that it was to be the town's whenever they saw fit to leave it. But so much disturbance did the grant of this privilege excite, that the town within six months revoked their grant, and in 1738, upon the petition of Nathaniel Saltonstall, Esq., Jonathan Poole, Esq., and Capt. Isaac Dupee, gentlemen of distinction in the town from abroad, that they might each of them be allowed to build pews for themselves, the town voted liberty to the former gentlemen to sit in the pew once occupied by Col. Tyng; but denied all of them liberty to build any more. Only three pews, then were ever permitted to be erected and to stand permanently in this second meeting-house in Woburn, as the seats of individual families, in distinction from the rest of the congregation. And that each individual might know and take his own place without confusion in time of public worship, the town at a general meeting, Oct. 8, 1672, as soon as the meeting-house was ready for occupation, chose five men of character and influence as a seating committee, to appoint to all the other inhabitants their respective seats in the house of God; and at the same time was appointed another committee of two, to seat the seating committee themselves and their wives.

To aid the seating committee in the discharge of their perplexing duty, they were on this occasion expressly instructed by the town to have respect in it to three things, viz: estate, office and age. Here follows a general description of the meeting-house from which I copy the following: "In ascending the pulpit stairs, there rose, fixed to that end of the pulpit, or of the elders' seat adjoining it, a tall, slender iron rod, with a little enclosure of iron or wooden painted ballusters at the top, in which rested an hour-glass; placed there, not to show the preacher how soon he might with decency leave off, but to be a silent monitor to warn him how long without offence he might hold on."

Here is an item for modern school teachers to ponder, who think that their services are poorly requited. "At a meeting of the selectmen May 7, 1694, they agreed, the Records state, 'with Mistress Walker to keepe a scoole for the smaller sort of children, to learn them to reade, for the ensueing yeare; and the yeare to begin upon the 1st of Aprill last past; and she to haue ten shillings in pay allowed her by the towne for the same.' Accordingly, Mrs. Walker went on and completed this engagement, and at a final settlement between her and the town, the account stands recorded thus:

"The Widow Walker is Creditor:

"For scooling small children in the yeare 1694 until the first of April 1695, according to agreement with her per the Selectmen, pay 10s; money £00 08s 8d	
"To Widow Walker Dr	
"her rate to Jams floull in money,	£0 0 2s 03d
and to Ben Simonds,	00 03 02
paid by James Simonds, constable in 96	00 01 03
	0 06 08

From this authentic document, it appears that this worthy woman, having waited for her wages a whole year from the time her work was done, received, after two years, taxes were deducted, the sum of one shilling and threepence in silver for her toil and pain in teaching a twelve-month all the little boy and girls in Woburn that were sent to her, their alphabet, or reading and spelling; reckoning her room for their accommodation as rent free. A fact like this can hardly fail to strike a modern reader with surprise.

With the following bill of expenses incurred on the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Jackson in 1789, and paid by the town, I will bring this, already, too long communication to a close. It will readily occur to the reader, that the event took place some time before Neal Dow and Joshua Nye were born.

"To Mr. Jonathan Poole, Esq., for subsisting the Ministers and Messengers and Gentlemen in the time of Mr. Jackson's Ordination:

To 433 Dinners, at 2s 6d a Dinner,	£54 2s 6d
To Suppers and Breakfasts 178s	08 18 0
To keeping 32 horses 4 days	3 0 0
To six Barrils and ½ of Cyder	4 11 0
To 25 Gallons of Wine	9 10 0
To 2 Gallons of Brandy and 4 Gallons Rhum	1 16 0
To Loaf Sugar, Lime Juice and Pipes	1 12 0
	£83 9s 6d

Comment would be superfluous. D. C.
Woburn, Mass.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. Mr. R. B. Dunn of Waterville, has generously given to the M. E. Church at West Waterville, who have a house of worship in process of erection, the sum of sixteen hundred dollars which will enable them to finish the outside of the building and vestries. Work on the house has ceased for the present, and the church has resolved to worship in the vestry until funds are raised to finish the auditorium, and not incur any debt.——Mr. Harrison A. Smith, once a prominent lawyer of Waterville, but latterly a resident of Winslow, has lately removed to Hilliard, Michigan, to take charge of property which he had sold, but which comes back to him on mortgage.——Diphtheria has again broken out in West Waterville, where it raged so fatally last winter, and four persons are now sick with it.——Mr. Geo. F. Hopkins of Texas, formerly of Albion, died in Wayne, Nov. 1st, aged 40 years. Mr. Hopkins was induced to go to Texas last fall by glowing accounts of the healthfulness of the climate and wonderful productiveness of the soil, where a poor man could soon secure a competency, and sufferers from lung diseases become vigorous and well. He arrived at New Philadelphia, with his wife and four children, on the first of last January, purchased land and erected buildings. He bought six ears of Northern seed corn for $1.50; one quart of peas for 50 cents, and vegetable seeds proportionately high—all having to be purchased in the North. He found that the country had been wickedly misrepresented, as the climate was very unhealthy, his whole family being sick at one time with billious fever, the prevailing disease there, although consumption and lung diseases are as frequent there as in Maine. Mr. Hopkins desires to warn people against emigrating there, that they may thus profit by his experience.——The West Winthrop Farmers' club has had its first meeting for the season, and elected the officers for the ensuing year: President, A. C. Hodgkins; Vice President, J. Henry Moore; Secretary, G. H. Folsom; Reporter and Treasurer, B. C. Torsey; Librarian, Geo. Howard; executive committee, W. H. Keith and L. K. Litchfield, with the president as chairman ex-officio.——Seventy new books have been added to the library of Colby University this term. Among the most noticeable are the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and several works on the sciences. The library is becoming very popular under the efficient management of Prof. Hall.——The prison and jail inspectors of the State, last week made their annual visit to Kennebec jail, in this city for the purpose of inspecting the same. The board of Inspectors, as now constituted, consists of Hon. Rufus Prince of Turner, Dr. A. J. Billings of Freedom, and Hon. Edward Cushing of Camden. They were accompanied in their visit to the jail by Hon. Wm. Wilson of Hallowell, who recently retired from the board, Warden Rice, two of the county commissioners, Messrs. Hodgdon and Neal, and the jailor and turnkey. The inspectors were highly pleased with the good condition in which they found the jail and work shops, and they speak in high terms of Sheriff Libby and his efficient jailor, Mr. John O. Page.——The case of Mrs. Edwin Noyes against Mrs. Gilman of Waterville, involving the title to a small strip of land, which has occupied the attention of the Supreme Court for the past week, resulted in a disagreement of the Jury, so this case will be tried again at great expense to the county as well as to the parties. The value of the land involved in the suit is merely nominal.

EFFECT OF DIET ON LIQUOR DRINKING. Chas. Napier, an English scientific man, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor drinking is compatable with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons, with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the more striking instances of reform, brought about by a change of diet, was that of a gentleman of 60, who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named, had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then of about the normal weight for a person of his height. Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas and lentils, all of which should be well boiled and flavored with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually is one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view high glutinous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food. If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors, we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans or oleaginous ailment appears to render unnecessary and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form.—*New York Graphic.*

☞ Bro. Elwell of the Portland *Transcript* has published his pamphlet about Aroostook county—giving an account of the press excursions to that section in 1858 and 1878, together with much information concerning the resources and industries of the county. It is neatly printed, comprises some 50 pages of reading matter and is worth a good deal more than the 10 cents for which it is sent to any address.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS. Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

Items of Maine News.

The fall term of the Houlton academy closed last week.

Fourteen hundred sheep passed through Houlton towards Danforth in one day recently.

Mr. Perley D. Gilbert, formerly of Turner, died at Matanzas, Cuba, on the 5th of August, of yellow fever.

A large number of Germans work in the factory at Lisbon, and Bologna sausage is in heavy demand at that place.

Dea. L. O. Farnham of Dover, fell from a load of hay, Saturday, and sprained his ankle badly.

The East Maine Conference Seminary has closed a successful term at Bucksport. The winter term commences Nov. 27th.

The cove at Greenville froze over last Friday night, and the steamboat has been breaking ice occasionally ever since.

On Sunday last Emery Sawyer of Searsport,

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20.

Amount of stock at market—Cattle 2206; Sheep and Lambs 2800; Swine 13,430; number Western Cattle 1702; Eastern Cattle 754; Milch Cows and Northern Cattle 380.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality $4 75a5; first quality 4 37½a4 62½; second quality 3 87½a4 25; third quality 3 25a3 75; poorest grade of coarse oxen bulls, etc., 2 75a 3 12½.

Brighton Hides, 7c per lb.; Brighton Tallow, 5½c per lb. Country Hide 6a6½c per lb., Country Tallow 4½a4½c per lb Calf Skins 10c per lb.; Sheep and Lamb Skins 65a85c each.

The trade for Cattle of all grades still continues very dull and prices have fallen off fully ½c per lb from those of our last quotations. There has not been so good a grade of Cattle sold at so low a figure for several years past as has been sold here this week. There were a few very extra Cattle sold as high as $5 10 per cwt. live weight, but the larger portion of Beeves sold at prices ranging from 4a4½c per lb live weight. There were but a few Beef Cattle among those from the East, most of them being Working Oxen and Store Cattle.

Milch Cows—Extra, $45a70; ordinary $20a40 per head. Most of the cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Trade for common grades has been dull of late. Good cows usually sell well at fair prices.

Working Oxen—For the week there has been a larger supply of working oxen in market than the trade required and sales were slow. We quote sales of 4 yr grs 6ft 6in, 6 yr grs 6ft 7 in and 8 yr grs 6ft 8in, L. W. 2700 lbs. $102; 1 pr grs 7ft 4in, L. W. 2200, $105

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $8a15; 2 year olds, $11a27; 3 year olds, $23a35 per head. There was large supply Store Cattle offered in market for sale, most the small Cattle being bought to slaughter.

Sheep and Lambs—There were but a few Sheep and Lambs from the West during the past week, most of those in market having been brought from Maine and consigned to butchers to kill and slaughter at a commission. The trade for Northern sheep and Lambs was not quite so active as that of one week ago.

Swine—Fat Hogs; prices 4a4c per lb live weight.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Nov. 25.

FLOUR AND GRAIN. The demand for Flour is steady and the market is firm for all winter wheats, with a reduced stock of this description; patents move slowly, but remain the same; the sales have been at $5a5 25 for Western superfine; $5 75a6 25 for common extras; $6a5 for Minnesota extras; and $4 20a5 75 per bbl for Minnesota extras, including choice bakers' brands; winter wheats have been in demand and are quite firm; the sales have been at $4 62½a5 25 for Ohio and Michigan; $4 75a5 75 for Illinois and Indiana; and $5a6 per bbl for St Louis, including choice and favorite brands. Southern Flour quiet and prices are nominal; patent spring wheat extras are selling at $6 50a8 50 per bbl; and winter wheat patents at $6a7 50. Corn remains the same and continues quiet; the sales of old mixed and yellow have been at 51a53c per bush; and steamer Corn at 49a50c; new Corn has been selling at 48a 50c per bush, as to quality. Oats are firm and have been in steady demand; sales have been of No 1 and extra white at 38a40c; No 2 white at 35½a36c; No 3 white at 33a35c per bush. In Rye the sales have been in small lots at 63a65c per bush. Shorts have been selling at $15a15 50; Fine Feed $15 50a16 50; and Middlings at $18a20 per ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is in moderate demand and continues dull; the sales have been at $8 50a8 75 for prime; 8 50a9 mess; and 11a12 per bbl for clear and extra clear. Beef has been selling at 9 50a11 per bbl for mess and extra mess; and 11a12 for family. Lard has been selling at 6½a7c per lb for city and Western, Smoked Hams are in fair demand at 8a10c per lb. City dressed Hogs are selling at 4½a4½c per lb.

New York Dairy Market.

UTICA, Nov. 18.

NOTE. As we go to press with this number of the FARMER at an earlier day than usual on account of Thanksgiving, we are unable to give the New York cheese market for the current week.

Chicago Cattle Market.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.

Hogs—receipts 31,030 head; shipments 2100 head; the market is a shade lower; choice heavy $3 85; light at 2 70a2 75; mixed packing 2 60a2 85.

Cattle—receipts 3100 head; shipments 2100 head; market slow and weak; shipping at 3 50a4 00; feeders and stockers at 2 40a3 10; butchers 1oa20c low er; Cows at 2 00a3 00; Western at 2 90a3 35; Texas 2 40a2 90.

Sheep—receipts 170 head; the market is dull at 2 70a3 00.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.

Money was loaned at 3@4 per cent. on call.
Gold opened at 100¼ and closed at 100¼.

United States Sixes (coupons), 1881,		109
" " " 1865, (new)		103¾
" " " 1867,		106¾
" " " 1868,		109
" " New 5's,		106
" " 10.40's (coupons)		107¾
" " Currency 6's,		121½

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27.

APPLES—Dried 4a6c evaporated, 15a20c.
BEANS—Pea beans $1 75 Yellow Eyes $2 00.
BUTTER—Good butter sells for 15a17c.
EGGS—22a24c per doz.
CHEESE—New Factory made 9½a9¾c.
FLOUR—$6 00a9 00 ₩ bbl.
GRAIN—Corn 58a60c; oats 35a40c.
HAY—Very plenty in market and sales the past week at 12a13.
HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 25a30c per box.
HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 6c; calf skins 10a10—c; lamb skins 50a80c; deacons 25c; shearlings 10a 15c.
LIME AND CEMENT—90c per cask for lime, $1 75 for cement.
NATIVE CRANBERRIES—2 00 per bush.
MEAL—Corn 58a59c; rye $1 25.
PRODUCE—New potatoes are quite plenty at 65a 75c. per bush.
PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork $8 00a8 00; round hogs 5a6c; beef per side 6a8c; ham 10a11c; fowls 3 a10c; spring lambs 7a8c; spring chickens 10a15.
SHORTS—$1 10 per hundred pounds.
WOOL—Washed 33c; unwashed 25c.
WOOD—Soft mill wood $1 75a2 25 per cord delivered in the city.
COAL—Stove and Egg—$5.75a6 50

Portland Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21.

APPLES—$1 00a 200 per bbl. Dried 5a3c per lb.
BUTTER—20a23c for tamily; store, 10a15c per lb.
BEANS—Pea $200 a2 15; yellow eyes $2 0a2 25.
CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory 8a10c.
FISH—Large shore $3 50a4 00; large bank $3 12½ a 3 37½; small $2 75a2 50; pollock $1 75a2 00; haddock $1 75a1 50; herring 3 50a4 00 per bbl; scaled 30a32c.
PORK—Long cut mess per bbl—bay No. 2 to No. 1, $7 00 a14 00; shore Nos. 1, 2 and 3 $8 25a17 00.
FLOUR—Superfine $3 50a4 00; spring X and XX $4 75a5 75; Michigan winter X and XX $4 00a5 75; patent spring wheat 7 50a8 50; St. Louis X and XX to best $4 75a6 25.
GRAIN—Corn 55a55c; bag lots 55@55c per bush; oats 35a35; fine feed $24a24 00 per ton; short $20 00 ₩ ton.
HAY—Loose $10a13 per ton; pressed $10 00a13 00; straw $5a6 50.
LARD—Per tierce 7a7½c per lb; per keg 7a7½; pail 10a9.
PLASTER—White portem $3.00; Blue $2 75; ground in bbls $3 00a3 00; calcined in bbs $2 75@3 00.
PRODUCE—Beef side 6@6c; veal none, mutton 6a 8c; chickens 15a15c; turkeys 14a16c; eggs 20a22c; potatoes 60a75c per bush.
PROVISIONS—Chicago extra beef 10 50a12 50; pork backs $13 50a14 00; clear $12 50a13 00; mess $10 50a11 hams 11a13c per lb; round hogs 4½a5c.

Bangor Produce Market.

SATURDAY, Nov. 23.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $1 50a165 per bush; pea $1 25 a1 75
BUTTER—15a18c per lb.
EGGS—23a24per doz.
HAY—$3a12 per ton; pressed 10a13.
GRAIN—Oats 30 @35c per bush; corn 51a58c.
POTATOES—Potatoes are selling at 55a85 per bush.
PROVISIONS—Pork 12 00a14 50 per bbl; round hog 5a5c per lb; fresh beef per side 6a8c; lamb 6a8 mutton 7a8c.
HIDES AND SKINS—Lamb skins 75a75c each; hides 4c per lb; veal skin 10a12c per lb.
WOOL—Fleece wool 30a38c per lb.

INDIAN WAR. Chicago, Nov. 22. In reply to the published letter of the Secretary of the Interior, regarding Indian affairs, Gen. Sheridan remarks that long observations has demonstrated the main cause for such removals as these is hostility to the army officers on account of their official reports. These remarks, he says, are intended to apply to the management of Indian affairs for the last 25 years.

Regarding the case in point, he has full personal acquaintance with Forts Sill and White, and knows that Fort Sill has an abundant supply of excellent water, fine soil and beautiful surrounding country. He concludes:

"I know nothing in the relations of the military to the civil administration which should prevent me from calling the attention of my superiors to an unnecessary waste of public money through the administration of the Indian bureau."

Sherman appends a strong endorsement to the above.

Portland, Oregon, Nov. 23. Friday morning sixty soldiers under Captain Bayle, left Vancouver for Willow creek. a report had been received at headquarters, that a number of Indians have left the Umatilla reservation, and have gone out to Willow creek, refusing to return. The officer had orders to send those back to the reservation who return quietly and arrest those who resist, bringing them down to Vancouver for examination.

S. S. Peroschin, United States deputy surveyor at Umatilla, reports that the Indians of that region are being murdered by whites. Every Indian found beyond the limits of his reservation is killed. A few days ago two Indians were found near Lagrange swinging from a tree. These reports have caused much excitement.

San Francisco, Nov. 23. A dispatch from Cascades, Columbia river, says that the expedition sent out by General Howard for the purpose of capturing renegade Indians, has met with complete success. Captain Bayle, with Lieuts. Corama and Shanner, surrounded their camp at night in John Day valley and captured the whole outfit. Eight of the principal chiefs are en route to Vancouver, and the remainder were sent to Warm Spring reservation.

IN 1874 THERE WERE 11,000 miles of railroad in Russia, whose gross receipts were $100,000,000, in 1875, 12,000 miles, but the receipts were only $500,000 more than in 1874. In 1876 the mileage had increased by 200, and the receipts by $2,500,000. Seven of the companies, whose share capital the Government guarantees, do not pay expenses, leaving the Government to make good some $2,500,000 a year; twenty more just manage to pay expenses, but the Government has to pay the guaranteed interest, and only eight have paid the guaranteed dividend without aid. Of the lines constructed without Government guarantee, all, except one, fifty miles long, have earned fair dividends; and the sole line worked by the State has recently paid a dividend of four per cent, on the capital spent in making it.

Editor's Table.

The November number of the Magazine of Art, has among many very attractive things an engraving of "Dr. Jenner inoculating his son." The group is now in the Paris International Exhibition, and is by Professor Monteverde's and must be, judging from the engraving a magnificent piece of work. The number is filled with entertaining articles, devoted to Art. Yearly subscription $3.00. Published by Cassell, Potter & Galpin, New York City.

Among the subjects in The World's Work department of the December Scribner, are "Street-Car Motor," "New Electric Lamp," "Improved Ironing Machine," "Experiment in Floating Apiaries," "Automatic Device for Reproducing Music" and "Improvement in Making Artificial Stone." The aim of this department is to record the most important current improvements in the industrial and mechanical arts. Published by Scribner & Co., New York City.

"Duschinka" is the queer name of a lady who is called a Rose and a Star, in a pretty song by Pinsuti, and may have resided in "Happy Dreamland" which is, however, the title of another fine song by Speranza. But we feel as well acquainted with the "Old Sailor-Wife," whose quaint sea-song are in notes by Molloy. The musical beauties of the Opera "Carmen" begin to come into market, and we have at hand a "Fantasie" on its airs, by Croisez. We have also the "Language of Love," by Lange, and the "Over Land March" by Faust. All these pieces are among the recent publications of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

The Amateur's Hand-Book, of practical information for the workshop and laboratory, is a very valuable little work. A copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cts. Published by The Industrial Publication Co., New York City.

We have received from the New England News Co., 41 Court St., Boston, a copy of "Lady's Almanac and Note Book," for 1879. It is a most complete book; it has illustrated title pages, with ruled leaves annexed, in which every woman can keep a record of calls made and received, of letters received and sent, of cash received and expended, a shopping list, trade addresses, &c, besides giving many hints as to the etiquette of society, customs, manners, morals and home culture. For sale by J. F. Pierce, Bookseller and Stationer, Augusta, Maine.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, send us a copy of "The Blessed Bees." This is a record of the author's work and experiences and the results of his beginning in the business of bee-keeping. It is by John Allen and is written in a most interesting style and filled with information. Bee-keeping, according to the author, is an art just as much as growing wheat, or fruit, or stock; the profits which may be gained from it are just as certain as the profits from any other branch of rural labor and they are much larger. For sale by J. Frank Pierce, Bookseller, Augusta, Maine. The price of the book is $1.

We have received from the publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, a copy of Clarke's Harmonic School for the Organ. This elaborate work is a school for acquiring the true organ style, both in playing and composing in the church style, whether the pipe or the reed organ is used. It reaches to the foundation of real organ playing by a simple treatment of harmony, from the very beginning of musical knowledge to the structure of classical organ music, leading the student to acquire the art of improvisation. The author, Mr. Wm. H. Clarke, is the organist of Tremont Temple in Boston, and a few years since furnished reed organ players and teachers with a very successful book well-known as the "New Method for Organs," but the Harmonic School is a work for earnest pupils who desire to become professional players and teachers. Price $3.00. For sale by J. F. Pierce, Augusta, Maine.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have just published for the holidays' trade a new edition of Nursery Rhymes and Melodies of Mother Goose, illustrated with 50 full page silhouette sketches "in white" by J. F. Goodridge. The young folks will never tire of Mother Goose, and this edition is so full of fun that it will be read and enjoyed by the older members of the family. The book is handsomely bound and must have a large sale. Price 50 cents. For sale by J. F. Pierce, Augusta, Maine.

Sunday Afternoon for December has among its many bright and fresh articles a very interesting one on "The Art of Almsgiving." This Magazine has attained in a very short time a high standard and has become very popular. It is always readable. Subscription price $3.00 a year, but it will be sent for $2.10 to those who subscribe before January 1, 1879. Sunday Afternoon, Springfield, Mass.

Potter's American Monthly for December opens with "Our Park and Garden," by A. G. Feather. The article is illustrated and is an accurate and graphic description of Fairmount Park, which is confessedly the finest park in this country, and it is believed by many that it will in course of time prove the finest park in the world." The many thousands of our citizens who visited this Park during the recent Centennial cannot but fail to read this article with pleasure and interest. This Magazine ably discusses the great questions that interest society and aims while entertaining to instruct and elevate the reader. Subscription price $3.00 a year. John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

"Shooting Stars," as observed from the sixth column of the New York Times is a compilation of humorous editorials which have appeared from time to time in the New York Times. The Book is published by G. P. Putman's Sons, New York City. It is a very amusing book and will serve to pleasantly while away many a winter evening. For sale by J. F. Pierce, Bookseller. Augusta, Maine. Price 50 cents paper. $1.00 cloth.

FOUR PER CENTS. From an extended article in the Boston *Herald* we cull the following information regarding these Bonds as being of interest to all classes.

The Maverick National Bank of Boston, assumed the Government Agency for the sale of the four per cents about ten months since, being the first to introduce them to the people of New England, and since then they have sold many millions, orders coming not only from their immediate vincinty, but from all parts of New England—this agency actiug as the distributing medium for this section of the country, furnishing the Banks largely, as they make a saving of time by ordering through them.

The four per cent. loan has over twenty years to run, and is regarded with favor on account of its permanency, as well as its absolute security, while its freedom from all taxation renders this four per cent. interest equal to five and one-half per cent. on any other kind of investment.

The immense demand for them comes chiefly from persons holding trust funds and those having $100 or upwards to invest where they feel it will be safest and the returns surest. There are fifty small purchasers to one large buyer, and the former are altogether of the middling and working classes.

People have made a grand move in taking and holding for investment their own national debt, thus retaining in this country the vast amount of interest that would otherwise be paid to foreign capitalists.

The Maverick National Bank also does a large business in all other issues of Government loans—and buy, sell and exchange any United States Securities, either delivering to the parties' address, or in Washington—where many prefer.

"WIDE AWAKE AT OAK HALL." Let every little boy and girl in this place read attentively the advertisement in another column, headed "Wide Awake at Oak Hall," or ask your mother to read it to you, and send your address.

WE BELIEVE that if everyone should use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it. *U. & A. Rochester, N. Y.*

War With Afghanistan.

The Fighting Commenced.

London, Nov. 20. The Central News says an important dispatch from India, which we have reason to believe is Shere Ali's reply to the Victory's ultimatum, was received yesterday at the India office in London. The India council was immediately summoned, and the result of the conference will be laid before the cabinet this afternoon.

Nov. 21. The Cabinet Council which was held yesterday, adjourned after a protracted session until Thursday, but the decision arrived at dispels all doubt. The Standard Says: "We are consequently engaged in a war with Afghanistan, which has been forced upon us by Russian intrigue, and the evil effects of our past policy."

It has been announced that no reply to the British ultimatum has been received from the Ameer of Afghanistan, and orders have been accordingly sent to India for the troops to advance.

The Globe's Lahore correspondent says British troops crossed the frontier this morning.

A dispatch from Thul says that the 10th hussars are across the frontier this morning, finding Fort Rapyang abandoned. Roberts' forces at once went forward on Fort Ahmsdishams, five miles up the valley.

A dispatch from Bombay says the India Times publishes a dispatch from Thul, dated to-day, which announces that British troops occupied Fort Kaplon without resistance, the Afghans retiring hurriedly before them. Kaplon is a station on the frontier line opposite Thul. Its surrender or abandonment was anticipated by the British force, which designs to head off the Afghan force at Churum and secure the highest point of the pass, in readiness for a further advance in the spring for co-operating with the force at Jellabod.

The force is under command of General Roberts and consists of two brigades, the first under Col. Cobb comprising the 18th, 5th and 20th Punjaub native infantry. The second is under Col. Thelwell, comprising the 5d and 31st Punjaubs and 5th Ghoorkas. Other regiments will be attacked as they come up from Kohat. No resistance is expected until the upper end of Khurum valley is reached. The native tribes in the valley profess good will toward the British.

Khyber Pass, Nov. 21. At daybreak Gen. Brown stood on the little plain beyond Jumrood, watching the march to the frontier. A picket of the enemy's cavalry was visible on the top of the Shanghai Ridge, beyong the range. The advance guard marched briskly on and presently rested on the height, whence at 10 o'clock skirmishing fire opened on the enemy's picket.

The latter retired after desultory reply, our forces pressing on and occasionally firing, reaching Shanghai Ridge, whence Fort Ali Musjid was visible.

At noon Ali Musjid fired the first shell, which burst in the air. The second shell flew over the flagstaff on Shanghai Ridge, and fell without bursting beyond.

The long halt necessary to allow heavy battery to come up, was utilized by the horse artillery in placing guns on the height to our right.

After the English made thier disposition of the guns, the Afghans replied with spirit from Fort Ali Musjid, but afterwards slacking.

At 1 o'clock forty pounders reached the scene, as also Magenaiss nine pounders. Horse guns were then moved off the ridge, and gave way to a nine pounder battery, while the forty pounders played against the right of the Afghan position.

The Afghan guns slowly but steadily replied, making good practice, especially from their seven pounders in the central bastion.

About 2 o'clock forty pounder shells crashed into the central bastion and crumbled a portion of it, apparently dismounting the gun which had been so stubborn.

Soon after 2 o'clock the infantry advanced briskly and took the left slopes of the valley, pressing on through the rocks towards Fort Ali Musjid, while the third brigade took the right side, where the last rocky ridge on the left slope, crossed a rocky plateau, followed nearly up to the foot of Ali Musjid rock.

Skirmishers pushed on steadily, firing briskly, evoking a sharp reply from the enemy, who were studding the rock-strewn slopes.

Meanwhile Monderson's battery, moving on along the tide of the stream, had come into action.

Four guns previously silenced came again into action, and the enemy developed the guns in new places, in view of the expected co-operation from two brigades dispatched on the turning movement, and the unseeking operations were reluctantly suspended till to-morrow.

Precautions were being taking to post our position, and troops bivouacked where they stood on our left.

The third brigade had gained a position very close to the fort, and almost within storming distance.

The Governor General of India has issued a proclamation giving an account of events leading to the declaration of war against Afghanistan, and laying the entire responsibility on Shere Ali.

London, Nov. 22. When the British made their advance, Fort Ali Musjid replied, and firing became somewhat brisk. Meanwhile firing was heard to the left of Fort Ali Musjid, and it was conjectured that it was McPherson's turning movement on our right coming into operation, but the Afghans about the fort held their ground, although thus apparently threatened on flank and front.

A dispatch from Jumrood, dated 22d, says the Afghans abandoned Fort Ali Musjid in the night, Gen. Tyler's brigade having occupied a defile in their rear. We took possession this morning without firing a shot, and disposition for advancing is now being made.

Jumrood, Nov. 22. The garrison of Ali Musjid has bolted precipitately, leaving arms, food, 21 cannon and 40 or 50 wounded. A considerable number of prisoners have been taken, and it is reported that the Afghan commander is among them. It is believed the Afghans are not in condition to make further resistance.

London, Nov. 22. The Times' Berlin says that Gen. Kauffman has delivered a costly sword to Mundsha Mohammed Hassan, Chief of the Afghan Legation at Tashkend, to be transmitted through him to the Ameer of Cabul. When presenting the sword Kauffman said: "As an illustrious sovereign, on whose empire the sun never sits and whose raised finger causes millions of soldiers to take up arms, sends this pledge of friendship and unchanging affection to his friend and ally, the noble and chivalrous ruler of the Afghans and Beloochees. History teaches that Russia ever espouses a just cause; that she has always known how to protect her allies from the attacks of any enemy, however powerful. Whoever sides with Russia need not fear that a hair of his head will be injured. The power of Russia's world is great. This is a fact known to the enemies of Russia as well as her allies. May God protect the two powerful sovereigns—the Czar and Ameer; may God promote the welfare of the two allied countries to the benefit of Afghans, Russians and humanity at large; may the echo of these words awaken consolation and hope where oppression and tyranny are paramount."

The blade has the following inscription in the Tersian tongue: "May God give the victory over the infidels."

New York, Nov. 23. A London special says the British Parliament, will be summoned on the 5th of December. This decision is the result of a row in the Cabinet. It will be remembered that a committee, headed by Lord Lawrence, announced its intention to call upon the Premier for the purpose of urging the necessity of an extra session. Lord Beaconsfield semi-officially announced to the public that he would not receive the deputation. The Marquis of Salisbury, Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross insisted in the last Cabinet meeting that the condition of affairs in the East was sufficiently grave to justify an extra session of Parliament. Beaconsfield, however, strenuously objected, and brought all the powers of persuasion and coercion to bear upon the Cabinet to defeat the wishes of his colleagues. He was finally defeated a majority casting their votes in favor of the assembling of Parliament. The real cause of the stubborn opposition to the Premier was that his colleagues were afraid to give any further to his policy. The Queen will sit in Council on Wednesday, at which the date of the assembling of Parliament will be fixed. It is probable that the session will last about a fortnight. It is announced that Lord Lawrence's Afghan Committee have resolved to organize themselves on a permanent basis and publish a statement of their views.

Berlin, Nov. 23. Russia will not consent to the annexation or destruction of Afghanistan nor to the permanent acquisition by England of the positions commanding the passes of Balkh. It is with the view to making its voice heard at the conclusion of the war that Russia has ordered Col. Lamakine to push on with his troops, now stationed on the Attrek, to Narngab and the contingent now stationed at Samarcand has been directed to continue to march.

☞ Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a purely vegetable compound, innocent in nature and wonderful in effect. For children it is invaluable, curing Croup, Whooping Cough, ect., in a few hours. Price 25 cts. per bottle or five bottles for $1.00.

ARRIVING IMMIGRANTS. Immigration, as shown by the statistics of arrivals in New York, is not in so great a volume for the first nine months of this year as for the same period of last, there having been 47,039 arrivals in 1877, and only 41,915 in 1878. But the tendency, now, is to increase; in October of last year 5,208 immigrants came, while in the October just closed there came 8,039. It is quite certain that the character of the correspondence now crossing the Atlantic in both directions tends to the steady swelling of the tide; those who are abroad picture in dark colors the condition of labor there; while, by comparison, the tenor of the letters sent from the United States has grown much more cheerful within the last year. A large proportion of those who come over do so as the result of advice, or at least of information sent them by friends and relatives here, and when the movement increases it is proof that our laboring people, comparing their situation with that of the same class in Europe, are inclined to be hopeful. One of the interesting features of the statistics on the subject, though one not new at all, is the small contingent furnished by Ireland. Out of the 8,000 and over arriving in October, only 1,182 were from that country while England sent 1,485 and Germany 2,636. The aggregate of France and Italy reached 1,092—almost as many as Ireland—though we are accustomed to consider the increase of our population from those countries as not at all considerable in volume. It is quite apparent that the condition of the Irish people has been materially improved and that the disposition to emigrate is much diminished. Germany, on the other hand, is likely to send us in future an increasing number of her people. The rule of "blood and iron," the depression in industry, and the oppression of the military system will continue to drive hither thousands of those now subject to these hard conditions.

CARRYING THE MAILS. The annual report of General Brady, Second Assistant Postmaster General, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, has been prepared for the Postmaster General. It appears that the cost of inland transportation for the year was $5,034,021. The increase of the railroad, steamboat and Star routes over the previous year was 683; in the aggregate length, 9.146 miles, and in the annual cost, $649,126. The appropriation for railway mail transportation durin the year was $9,250.000. The actual cost so far as adjustments were completed was $9,966,595, which is at the rate of $316,595 per annum in excess of the appropriation. The amount appropriated for the current fiscal year is $8,100,000. It is definitely ascertained that $400.000 additional will be required to cover the cost of service for 1879. If no further funds are supplied by Congress, service to the above amount must be discontinued. It is estimated that $10,250,000 will be required for 1880. The large immigration into the undeveloped farming and mineral lands of the west, northwest and southwest creating a necessity for railways, and the facilities for constructing railroad cheaply at the present day, will doubtless cause the amount required for carrying the mails on newly constructed roads to be greater than it has been for the last three years, as the increase from this cause was 5.66 per cent. in 1877. In spite of the hard times it is considered that the increase for 1880 will be nearly 8 per cent. and on this theory the estimate is based. The aggregate estimate for mail transportation and the items incidental thereto during the next fiscal year is $20,790,000. The total amount appropriated for the current year is about $2,000,000 less.

THAT BOY.

Dramatis personna.—A young American in roundsbout and leggins, perched upon the fence devouring a huge piece of mince pie, and a maiden of five summers, in pantalettes, looking very wishfully at the gourmand on the fence. *Young America.*—"I say, sis, does your mar make mince pies? If she does I'll bet they ain't so good as my mar's." *Little Miss.* (timidly.)—"I like mince pie awful well." *Young America.*—"Well now, that's funny! Just look here" (drawing a quarter of a pie out of his jacket pocket,) and it's boss, too. Ain't my mar good?" (carefully stowing it away in his pocket.) That boy "is father to the man" who must have his cigars and any other masculine luxury his contemptible selfishness craves, while his poor sickly wife must do the work of two women ("girls waste more than they earn," he says,) and for the want of a little money to purchase a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the sovereign remedy for female diseases and weaknesses, she is literally dying by inches—and because of that masculine selfishness that would not deny the child-ish luxury with his playmate, and now tacitly refuses his wife the luxury of health.

A REVIEW OF THE PACKING SEASON in Chicago—summer and winter—for the year ending Nov. 1, shows the enormous aggregate of 4,593,000 hogs packed during the year, which is an increase of 50 per cent, over the business, at that time unprecedented, of the previous year. No other city in the West, or in the world, it is needless to say, competes with Chicago in this branch of industry, and the business seems to go on increasing in geometrical progression For the coming season the killing capacity of the houses has been increased to 60,000 per day, and there is a chance that it may all be needed. It is worth noting that one-half of this tremendous business is done by two houses, the remainder being shared by about twenty smaller firms.

MACHINERY FOR SHOEMAKING produces marvellous results. One class of machines sewed last year 45,000,000 pairs of shoes, while another pegged 55,000,000 pairs in the same time. Ten men can make 600 pairs of shoes a day. In New England 460 bushels of shoe pegs are made in a day, and one cent's worth of pegs will peg four pairs of shoes. There are 576 patents on shoe pegs and peggers, and 2,000 on shoe machinery. Machinery turned out over two million shoe lasts in the United States last year.

Special Notices.

The Centaur Liniments are of two kinds. The White is for the human family; the Yellow is for horses, sheep, and other animals. Testimonials of the effects produced by these remarkable Preparations are wrapped around every bottle, and may be procured of any druggist, or by mail from the Office of THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 46 Dey Street, New York City. 1y10

"Oh, the little beauty! how pretty she did look after nurse had arranged her curls" with the beautiful WAX FLOSS Hair dressing. Prepared only by Caswell & Co., of Boston, proprietors of Caswell & Co.'s SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES, For Coughs, and Caswell's "NEW" ELIXIR, for the Blood. For sale by all druggists.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

"ROYAL" has a larger sale than all other baking powders combined—because of its unquestioned Purity, Uniform Strength, Healthfulness and Efficacy. Prepared from GRAPE CREAM TARTAR imported expressly for this peerless powder direct from the Wine district of France—it has received the endorsement and recommendation of the New York Board of Health, and of eminent physicians and scientific men everywhere. No family having once used the Royal Baking Powder will ever be without it.

Sold only in tin cans.

☞The housekeeper must bear in mind that a pure powder like the Royal cannot be bought at the same price as the adulterated kinds. 361y

Married.

In this city, Nov 21, Nellis E. Wood to Robert E. Bigsby, of Salisbury, Mass.
In Anson, Nov 12, L. K. Smith of Augusta, to Etta F. Brown.
In Auburn, Oct 25, Elmer McFarland to Emma L. Bellis; Nov 18, Fred A. Smith to Georgie Gilbert.
In Bangor, Nov 17, Wm. H. Delaney to Frances W. Kent; 6, Geo. B Coulliard to Arvilla M Kelliher of Dexter.
In Bangor, Nov 4, Rev Flavius V Rowzee of Union, to Sarah B Libby of Chicago 19.
In Bristol, Nov 16, Austin S Thompson to Annie J Foster; 17, John G Fossett to Mrs Mary S Yates; 17, Carl A Benson to Syrena A Carter.
In Brownfield, Nov 20, Jas. H Blaze of Parsonsfield to Abbie B Foge.
In Bucksport, Nov 20, Warren P Ames to Anna B Jordan; 13, J H Page to Liva V Fay.
In Camden, Nov 21, F J Davis of Rockland, to Maggie A Simonton; 5, Chas. E Athean of Hope, to Sadie L Pease of Appleton; 16, I W Baird to Mrs Carrie M Billings.
In Cape Elizabeth, Nov 19, Wm Barker to Lizzie McFarland; 20, Clarence H Dodge to Annie L Williams.
In Charlottetown, P E I, Nov 11, Hon J E Robertson, M. D., of Montague, to Elizabeth McFarlane of Souris.
In Clinton, Nov 9, Jos. M Junkins to Nellie E Day, both of Eddington.
In Cooper, Nov 9, Alvin S Cary to Edith E Mayhar
In Cornville, Oct 12, Benj. F Davis of Palmyra, to Laura E McGrillis; Fred Davis of Palmyra to Della A Thompson of Hartland.
In Damariscotta, Nov 14, Hezekiah K Willey to Mary A Nash, both of Bremen.
In Deering, Nov 15, Orelina Leathers to Mary St. Cyr, both of Westbrook.
In Dresden, Oct 10, Henry W Snipe to Mary E Bickford, both of Arowsic; Nov 16, Walton Good to Laura S Turner.
In Eastport, Nov 14, Josiah Stackhouse to Mary A Balkam
In Ellsworth, Nov 4, Benj G Saunders of Surry, to Selina R. Davis of Penobscot; 14, Capt Frank M Clements to Inez C Varnum, both of Penobscot.
In Exeter, Nov 16, Joseph Wiswell to Laura E Chamberlain, both of Bangor.
In Fairfield, Nov 16, Horace Emery to Mary A Pierce.
In Fayette, Nov 15, Albert E True to Mrs Susie Wells, both of Industry.
In Fort Fairfield, Nov 18, Warren A Estabrook to Annie Cowperthwaite.
In Garland, Nov 18, Capt Fred S Hayden of So. Thomaston, to Marcia S Wakefield.
In Gorham, N. H., Nov 6, Chas. Dunham of Bryant's Pond, to Velina E Stevens of W. Paris.
In Hallowell, David Marriner to Mrs Mary E Marriner.
In Hampden, Nov 17, Ira G. Young of Winterport, to Hattie H Higgins.
In Hartland, Nov 6, Geo A Kenniston to Elizabeth J Patterson, both of N. Andover, Mass.
In Hodgdon, Nov 10, Fairfield Day to Ada Hovey.
In Hopewell P E I, Nov 13, John Tait of Minto Cottage, to Miranda Grant.
In Houlton, Nov 9, Ed. B Everett of Monticello, to Susie L Briggs of Littleton; 14, Alfred G Chambers to Emma I Anderson both of Haynesville; 10, Geo. Hall to Lucinda Thornton, both of N. B.
In Howland, Oct 7, Chas. Pillsbury to Annie M. Davis.
In Lewiston, Nov 31, Henry T Nevens of Portland to Meda B Cole; Calvin S. Hall to Silyia A Packard.
In Livermore, Nov 16, H O Rose to Mary F Doe, both of Turner.
In Milo, Nov 14, Chas. H Getchell to Lucy J. Currier, both of Sebec.
In Monroe, Nov 16, Salathaiel Curtis to Ella M Cillier.
In Monson, Nov 18, Willis Taylor of Portland, to Annie B Whiting.
In New Sharon, Nov 16, G G Hobbs of Wilton, to Elverna A Durrell, of Farmington.
In N. Auburn Nov 9, Ed. W Bird to Mrs Persis D. Perry.
In N. Edgecomb, Nov 12, Millard F Lewis of Wiscasset, to Lizzie M. Brown of Edgecomb.
In Paris, Nov 15, Geo S Titcomb to Lilla Durfee of Waterford.
In Penobscot, Aug 31, Chas. H Staples to Mrs Sarah J Hamilton of Bluehill.
In Philadelphia, Nov 14, Jere G Shaw of Biddeford to Jennie P Grant.
In Portland, Nov. 20, Sumner Cummings to Annie J Leavitt; 20, Hamilton Mayo, of Leominster, Mass., to Florence Curtis.
In Rockland, Nov 13, Mrs Silver N Ames to Sanburn Howard, of Washington; 10, E P Robins to Thos M Wiggin; 9, Josephine Butler to Frederick L. Bailey; 16, Frank A Grant to Mary E Titus; 14, J Damerell of St. George, to Mrs Nellie A Barter of So. Thomaston.
In Sackville, N. B. Nov 17, Wm B Atkinson of Botsford, to Amanda R Smith.
In Saco, Nov 12, Henry E Burns to Clementine M. Kendrick.
In Searmont, Nov 3, David B Young to Ora M Cross; 13, Anna J Bradstreet to Henry Leeman both of Palermo.
In Sebec, Nov 6, T B Spaulding to Mrs Mary Leslie.
In Skowhegan, Nov 16, Asa P Lawrence to Annie B Griffin; Wm E Perkins of Norridgewock, to Sarah J Bickford, both of Canaan; Edgerly H Healey of Lexington, to Lizzie F Weston.
In So. Norridgewock, Nov 12 Howard Burgess to Huldah Littlefield.
In So. Woodstock, Nov 9, Herbert A Rich to Nettie J Benson.
In St. Andrews, N. B., Guy Pendleton of Deer Island, to Annie Patterson of Eastport.
In Sullivan, Nov 16, Albert P Atherton of Bluehill, to Kate M Astley.
On Swan's Island, Nov 15, Joseph J Joyce to Myra S Richardson of Mt. Desert.
In Thorndike, Nov 24, Nelson Gordon to Emma S, Post of Knox.
In Turner, Nov 5, Daniel Cary to Clara A Day; 10, Hiram Phillips to Mrs Julia Phillips.
In Union, Nov 10, Albert A Fuller to Mary F Messman, both of Appleton.
In Waterboro, July 15, Eugene McIntire of Biddeford, to Francis A Thing.
In Waterville, Nov 17, Horace Burrill of Fairfield, to Cassie W Parkman of Clinton.
In W. Sumner, Nov 5, Francis A Oldham to Adelia Benson, both of Sumner.
In Winter Harbor, Nov 21, Everett F Files of Fairfield, to Flora A Grant.
In York, Nov 16. Chas. A Douglass to Jennie Rice.

Died.

In Appleton, Nov 2, Eliza A Tyler.
In Auburn, Nov 7, Marcus Rowell aged 43½ years; 17, Harry Thurston Stevens, aged 12½

The Maine Farmer! An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

Companions on the Road.

Life's milestones, marking year on year,
Pass ever swifter as we near
The final goal, the silent end
To which our fated footsteps tend.
A year once seemed a century,
Now like a day it hurries by.
And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
And all the way is weariness.

Ah me! how glad and gay we were,
Youth's sap in all our veins astir,
When long ago with spirits high,
A happy careless company,
We started forth, when everything
Wore the green glory of the spring,
And all the fair wide world was ours,
To gather as we would its flowers.

Then life almost eternal seemed,
And death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
That in the distance scarce it threw
A cloud-shade on the mountains blue,
That rose before us soft and fair,
Clothed in ideal hues of air,
To which we meant in after-time,
Strong in our manhood's strength, to climb,

How all has changed! Years have gone by,
And of that joyous company
With whom our youth first journeyed on,
Who—who are left? Alas, not one.
Love earliest loitered on the way,
Then turned his face and slipped away,
And after him with footsteps light
The fickle grasses took their flight,
And all the careless joys that lent
Their revelry and merriment
Grew silenter, and ere we knew,
Had smiled their last and said "adieu."

Hope faltering then with doubtful mind,
Began to turn and look behind,
And we, half questioning, were fain
To follow with her back again;
But Fate still urged us on our way
And would not let us pause or stay.
Then to our side with plaintive eye,
In place of Hope came Memory,
And murmured of the past, and told
Dear stories of the days of old,
Until its very dross seemed gold.
And Friendship took the place of Love,
And strove in vain to us to prove
That Love was Light and insincere—
Not worth a man's regretful tear.

Ah! all in vain—grant 'twas a cheat,
Yet no voice ever was so sweet—
No presence like to Love's, who threw
Enchantment over all we knew;
And still we listen with a sigh,
And back, with fond tears in the eye,
We gaze to catch a glimpse again
Of that dear place—but all in vain.

Preach not, O stern Philosophy!
Nought we can have, and nought we see,
Will ever be so pure, so glad
So beautiful, as what we had.

Our steps are sad—our steps are slow—
Nothing is like the long ago,
Gone in the keen, intense delight—
The perfume faint and exquisite—
The glory and the effluence
That haloed the enraptured sense,
When Faith and Love were at our side,
And common Life was deified.

Our shadows that we used to throw
Behind us, now before us grow;
For once we walked before the sun,
But now, Life's full meridian done,
They change, and in their chill we move,
Farther away from Faith and Love,
A chill is in the air—no more
Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar,
But creep along the level way,
Waiting the closing of the day.
The Future holds no wondrous prize
This side Death's awful mysteries;
Beyond, what waits for us, who knows?
New Life, or infinite repose?

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

For the Maine Farmer.

A New England Sabbath in 1680.

The venerable author of the "History of Woburn," Mass., gives a charming description of an imaginary visit paid to that town, whither he had gone, on a bright and beautiful Sabbath morn in June, nearly two hundred years ago, for the purpose of uniting with his co-religionists, in the services of the day. With a vivid imagination and fine descriptive powers, he has invested the scene with such extraordinary beauty and naturalness, that one's thoughts frequently revert to it, and always with increased delight. I deeply regret, that the limits to which I am necessarily restricted, make it impossible for me to give the readers of the FARMER more than a few fragments of the delightful narrative; but I hope these will be acceptable to those at least, who are old enough to remember the time when there were yet visible, in the churches, some vestiges of the solemn and austere observances of the Sabbath, as practiced by the New England puritans.

While no one rejoices more heartily than myself, that a broader, and more catholic spirit, obtains with the present generation than was known to the puritan fathers, I yet do not feel inclined to withhold from them the homage so justly their due for the heroic fortitude they displayed in leaving behind them the allurements of a high civilization, and the delights of happy homes, to sail across the broad Atlantic, to a strange land, there to confront the rigors of an inhospitable clime, and the terrors of an interminable wilderness,—till then, untrodden save by the feet of wild beasts and savage men,—that they might, without let or hindrance, worship God after the manner that to them seemed due from the creature to the Creator; and, for their religious zeal, which was only heightened by the hardships they encountered, and the perils to which they were exposed.

With a few appropriate introductory remarks, which conclude with the following passage, the narrator proceeds with his interesting story:

"And now, that I may present a more vivid display of the interesting peculiarities of their public worship, may I be permitted to relate the particulars of a visit I once paid them *in imagination*, to keep Sabbath with them in their new meeting-house, and to hear their new minister.

"Borne then aloft on the wings of fancy over the current of time, and retracing its stream with an indescribable velocity, I suddenly alighted one fine Sabbath morning, about the 20th of June, old style, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and eighty, at New Bridge in Woburn, and taking by instinct, as it were, the road which led to the centre of the town, I began at once to slowly wend my way thither. The sky was serene, the air warm, and the surface of the meadows and grass-grounds was clad in the richest green. But a solemn stillness presided over the bright scene which nature had spread around me. Neither man nor beast was to be seen at work in the field. No sound of the hammer, or of the woodman's axe saluted my ear; no rumbling carriage of travellers on business or pleasure met my eye. Almost the only token of animal life abroad, that I perceived in my walk, were the motions and notes of hundreds of birds, whose songs, together with the fragrant odors diffused by the blossoms and a rich variety of flowers in the gardens and orchards I passed, seemed like a morning offering up praise and sweet incense to the great Lord of the Sabbath, by whose decree summer and winter, seed-time and harvest never cease.

"While I thus proceeded along, endeavoring to compose my mind into a suitable frame for the exercises of a day, to whose sacredness all that I saw and heard, as well as all that I did not, seemed to bear witness, I was suddenly overtaken on the common by a man, who afterwards made himself known to me as goodman Jonathan Thompson, the sexton for that year, who had just been at the minister's to receive from him certain directions before the hour of prayer arrived, and was now on his way to open the meeting-house. Perceiving me to be a stranger, he civilly accosted me; and learning that I wished to worship with them that day, he kindly offered to conduct me to the house, and find me a seat. We went by the way of the Military Lane; and as we walked up the hill, several honest couples passed us on horseback, who severally eyed me with a keen look of Yankee-like inquisitiveness, but said nothing; and, nodding respectfully, jogged on.

"Having reached the meeting-house, as I stood in front of it a few minutes, admiring the beauty of the lofty trees with which it was surrounded, numerous other couples arrived on horseback, a large proportion of whom, I observed, drove up to a stone horse-block, about a rod from the southernmost shade, and there successively alighting, tied their horses to a long row of stakes set in the ground, and then leisurely advanced towards the meeting-house. As they overtook one another in their approach to where I stood, they saluted each other with a friendly smile and a cordial shake of the hand. But I overheard in their conversation not a word dropped upon politics or the prospect of crops; scarcely anything in fact, but certain observations and questions which seemed to be dictated by pious gladness, or by a spirit of benevolence and affectionate sympathy for their neighbors or one another.

"And thus, having finished the few brief remarks and inquiries which they had occasion to make, they tarried no longer at the door; but uncovering their heads the instant they stepped on the threshold, they reverently took their appointed seats. And now my friend, the sexton, pointing to the dial, which showed it was almost nine o'clock, and saying it was time to ring the bell, I followed him to a seat, where I had a good view both of the ministers and hearers, and where, while the people were gathering, I improved the opportunity to look around, and survey the novel and interesting scene. In the front row of seats facing the pulpit, on the east side of the broad aisle, were the selectmen. In the opposite row of seats, on the west side, were the wives of the selectmen, all fair in appearance and becoming in behavior; and yet whose silk dresses, or the addition of a few extra ribbons to their attire, showed that they had not forgotten the lessons touching the necessity of maintaining distinctions of rank by distinctions of dress which their mothers had taught them on the other side of the Atlantic. The second and third range of seats on the east side were occupied by men whose hoary locks and bending forms proclaimed them to be the surviving few of those who had come up to Woburn at the first to take possession of the land; but whose fixed eyes and laboring ears and solemnity of air were strong indications that their thoughts were now set on a better country, and that they had come to the Lord's house to-day, seeking direction and encouragement in their pilgrimage to it. Next to the aged men's seats came those appropriated to the substantial farmers and tradesmen of the town, who were all arranged in them with some regard both to their years and to the proportion they paid of the public taxes. Then, in dense, crowded ranks sat the Converses, and the Johnsons, the Richardsons and Thompsons; the Mansalls and the Winns, the Wrights and the Baldwins; the Kendalls and the Carters, the Russells and the Walkers; the Pierces and the Wymans, the Fowles and the Simonds; the Brooks and the Leeds, the Flaggs and the Reeds; the Snows and the Cutlers, the Lockes and the Butlers, and many other respected names, all or most of which are borne to this day by descendants in Woburn and vicinity.

"In the corresponding seats on the west side of the aisle sat the wives of these worthy men,—helpmeets for them indeed—who, arrayed in plain home-spun garments of the most perfect neatness, defended from soiling by tidy aprons of the purest white, carried evidence in their dress that they came to the house of God to pray and to praise, rather than to see and to be seen. In the remotest seats on the floor of the house, and in the east and west galleries, sat the young men and women—the flower of Woburn. And, last of all, upon two long benches against the wall, on the east and west sides of the broad aisle, were seated the boys of the congregation, whom, full of life and playfulness as they were, a grave overseer, with a rod, and a constable, with a staff of office in his hand, at the end of each seat, made out to keep in tolerable restraint; although some of them, I observed, as they looked and winked at one another, could hardly, at times, suppress a whisper or a rising smile. In the deacons' seat sat John Wright, Senior, one of the earliest settlers of the town, but now stooping under the weight of three score years and ten; and Josiah Convers, a brother of the ensign, and like him of a grave, intelligent and active appearance.

"In the pulpit, at the left hand, sat Mr. Fox, the recently ordained collegue of the senior pastor, and much beloved by his flock, both old and young. At the head of the pulpit was Mr. Carter, the senior pastor himself, whose furrowed cheeks and hoary locks signified to all that his work was almost done; and who, as with placid eye and benevolent countenance he looked around upon the people of his charge, seemed to be bidding them all, one after another, farewell; as though he thought that the present might possibly be the last time he should ever meet them there.

"But while my eyes had thus been moving over this numerous assembly, and were fixed for a moment on their venerable senior minister, the congregation had all collected, the bell had ceased to ring, and the sexton had taken his seat at the head of the pulpit stairs. Divine service was presently commenced by Mr. Carter with a short invocation; praising God for the light and privileges of another of His holy days, and reverently imploring His presence and aid in the prayers and praises now to be offered, and His blessing upon His word now to be dispensed. The introductory prayer being over, I was expecting to hear the Scriptures read, as I had been used to. But after waiting a few moments, looking for this portion of Divine service to begin, Deacon Wright arose to announce singing; and, holding in his hand the Collection, entitled 'The New England Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs,' that now forgotten, but once favorite version of our fathers, both in their private and public devotions, he read five stanzas of the 5th Psalm, as follows: 'Jehovah, to my Words give Ear,' &c. When he had finished reading, I was right glad to hear him give out Windsor, as the tune to be sung; for that is a tune, which, like others of the same class, I am always delighted to hear sung on suitable occasons.

"The deacon, having announced the tune, read the first line again, and then, with a tremulous voice commenced singing, in which he was instantly joined by almost the whole of the congregation, sitting, both by old and young, males and females. These, as he read severally a line of the portion he had given out, would catch the words from his lips, and fall in with him in singing it. And never, thought I, had I heard singing, that was on the whole quite equal to this. There was no exact harmony in it, no perfect keeping of time, and much otherwise, at which a critical ear might take offence. And yet there was in it that, which to me was exceedingly interesting and impressive. The sound coming from such a multitude of voices, seemed as the roar of thunder and the voice of many waters. And then, there was such a seriousness in the appearance and manner of the great majority, such an evident engagedness in this act of praise to the Most High, as caused a deep solemnity to pervade the whole congregation, and in my humble opinion much more than compensated for all the musical faults and deficiencies of the performance.

"The singing succeeded what is commonly termed with us *the long prayer*. And it might very significantly be called so in the present case; for it occupied, as it seemed to me, at least three-quarters of an hour. It was offered by Mr. Carter, who, previously to commencing it, read a large collection of little bills, or notes, as they were called, expressive either of thanksgiving to God on the part of sundry individuals for various mercies which He had recently vouchsafed them, or of desire on the part of others for the prayers of the congregation, that the Lord would be pleased to grant help or relief in sundry exigencies of trouble or suffering there particularly enumerated. The prayer then offered by Mr. Carter, as mentioned above, differed not materially from such as we are accustomed to hear from orthodox pulpits at the present day, in its general acknowledgements of dependence, guilt and spiritual necessity, and in the leading spiritual mercies which it implored. He praised the Lord for granting to His people of this place a favorable seed-time the present spring thus far; and besought Him to perfect His mercy in this kind towards them; to give them due measures of sunshine and of the rain of heaven in due time; to suffer no blight or mildew, locust or caterpillar to blast their expectations; but to bless the springing of the earth, to cause their grass to grow, and their land to yield its increase, and to give them their corn, and their flax, and the wine of their orchards in season. The prayer was followed by singing the 15th Psalm from the same obsolete version as at the first singing.

"Then came the sermon by Mr. Fox. While he was announcing his text, there was a most profound stillness. But, immediately after, I heard a slight rustling noise from different quarters of the house, and looking round to discover the cause, I spied the deacons, selectmen and others, preparing to take down the texts and prominent heads of the discourse. This reminded me, it might be well for me to do the same; and I now copy from the entries there made in my note-book as follows: (Here follows a lengthy abstract of the discourse, which I must omit.—D. C.)

"Sermon being over, a short prayer by the preacher for the blessing of God on His word dispensed, and a solemn benediction, closed the services of the forenoon.

"In the afternoon, they were commenced with singing a portion of the 148th Psalm, H. M., to the tune expressly adapted to that Psalm, and thence called the 'Old 148th.' After prayer, succeeded the second singing which was followed by a sermon by Mr. Carter. But this was not a written, but, in considerable measure at least, an extempore discussion.

"When the good man had ceased from his labor of love, Deacon Wright arose and said: 'Brethren, if any one among you have a word of exhortation to offer, let him say on.' All eyes, I perceived, were instantly turned toward me; and I felt myself constrained, in a measure, to get up, and, after making my respects to the ministers, to address the people briefly as follows: (Here follows an appropriate and very beautiful address, which I am compelled, also, to omit, except its concluding paragraph.—D. C.) 'Dear Christian friends, this is the first time I was ever with you, and it will, doubtless, be the last. I must presently leave you, and we shall meet no more on this side the grave. But sure I am that, if I am ever prepared myself through grace for a part in the resurrection of the just, I shall meet many, very many, of this congregation again at the right hand of the Son of Man; and shall be admitted to praise and rejoice with you in that better temple above, whence there is no more going out, and where we shall dwell forever with the Lord. The Lord grant that we may all of us find mercy of the Lord in that day! And till then I bid you, one and all, a cordial farewell.'

"Upon my saying these words, which were heard with attention, and were apparently welcome, Mr. Carter offered a short prayer, in which he implored a blessing upon the services of the day, and upon the words uttered by their unknown friend according to God's Word; and then, with singing four stanzas of the 119th Psalm, long metre, to the tune of 'Hundredth,' and with a Scripture benediction by Mr. Carter, the public worship of that day was ended.

"As for me, as soon as I could conveniently after leaving the house, I took the conveyance by which I came, and was instantly transported over the current of one hundred and eighty years and upwards, from Hilly Way, in Woburn, in His Majesty's Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, to my own quiet home near Vine Brook, and within the ancient bounds of the Second Precinct of Woburn, Massachusetts, one of the Independent United States of America." D. C.

Woburn, Mass

The Longest River in the World.

Recent investigations have so well settled this matter that the proper correction should be made in the geographies. In reply to a question as to the "longest river," a writer in the New England *Journal of Education* says:

There can be no doubt that this title belongs to the Missouri River, reckoning (as we should do), from its source in the Madison, the Red Rock, and the Gallatin Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; the Mississippi being properly a branch of the Missouri, and *not* the Missouri a branch of the Mississippi, though the accident of the earlier discovery and exploration of the latter stream gave rise to the error, which our geographies still perpetuate, of calling the longer and the greater stream a branch of the shorter and smaller one.

Above their junction the Missippi drains 169,000 square miles, and has a length of but 1,330 miles, and at their junction it has a mean discharge per second of 105,000 cubic feet of water; while above the same point the Missouri drains 518,000 square miles, has a length of 3,047 miles from Madison Lake (and I think something more, going up the Jefferson Fork to the Red Rock Lake), and at the junction has a mean discharge of 120,000 cubic feet per second; its discharge, though one-seventh greater than that of the Mississippi, being smaller *proportionately*, because its upper waters drain a region where the rain-fall, one year with another, averages but little, if any, more than one-half that of the Upper Mississippi. Above their junction one may go, on the Missouri, in a good-sized steamboat, to Fort Benton, Montana, a distance of 2,632 miles, or more than twice the entire length of the Mississippi from Itasca Lake to its junction with the Missouri.

This makes the Missouri River (as the name should really be, all the way to the Gulf of Mexico) 4 317 miles long.—1,361 miles longer than the Mississipi (now so-called) and 597 miles longer than the Amazon.

Beauty.

When the Countess Castiglione visited England twenty years ago, Lord Palmerston gave a memorable dinner, to which he invited nine of England's greatest beauties to meet that of the Castiglione. They were all assembled when she entered, crushing and overwhelming as the statue of Venus Anadyomene among those of lesser divinities and all the criticisms on her coiffure, toilette, haughty, imperious air, were set at naught by the fact that every line was perfect. I can quite believe the statement, for a friend of ours in Paris owns an undraped statue for which the Countess Castiglione is said to have posed, and it is beautiful. Our Admirable Crichton wonders that beauty should long be able to endure the corrosive effects of modern fashionable life. Being so great a power, it is worth preserving by more attention to hygienic principles. "Why were Aspasia, Lais, and later, Ninon de l'Enclos beautiful to the end? Because they cared for and nursed their health, their intellect, and all the accessories necessary for beauty to reign and to command. They ignored the benefits of progress civilization, caloriferes, tight-lacing, truffles, foie gras at midnight and a 'B. and S.' at 3 A. M.—all meaning poverty of blood and nervous exhaustion. We should never have met them at St. Moritz." This is one view of the matter, but it seems to me that if Aspasia & Co., never grew old, it was not only because they had no heart. Beauty possessed of heart must suffer, no matter how sound the body, and suffering begets lines and gray hairs even in youth. The noblest beauty, after all, is of expression, and what face can express varying emotion that has felt none? A summer resort is the very last place one seeks for intelligence, yet even here the most beautiful women are not the most attractive. The woman who looks equally well morning, noon and night; whose face never changes, whose brow is always serene, is simply a being whose blood never rises above 60° Fahrenheit. She may be a beauty, but for all that she is a monstrosity. As well have an iceberg for a mother, wife, sister or friend. Give me heart, though it means wrinkles at twenty-five.—*Correspondent London Truth*

The Worst of the Lot.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XVI., a German prince, travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galley slaves were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley slave whom he should choose to select. The prince, willing to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppression, false accusations, were assigned by one after another, as the causes of their being there. In fact, they were all injured and ill-treated persons. At last he came to one, who, when asked the same question, answered to this effect: "Your highness, I have no reason to complain; I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch. I have often deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it as great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him, gave him a gentle blow on the head, and answered: "You wicked wretch! it is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men; by your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer, he said: "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released." Was not this a wise decision? Must not all who hear the story allow that the man who was sensible of his guilt, and so submissive to his punishment, was, in all probability, the most worthy of pardon, and the most likely not to abuse it? Sense of sin is the first step toward forgiveness. There is hope of a man who confesses his guilt and feels that punishment is deserved. And the deeper the conviction of sin, the more hopeful often is the condition.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Decay of Manners.

Several facts have been observed by the Phrenological Journal which suggest to it that American politeness is decaying, and that indifference, off-handedness and inconsideration mark the manners of so-called ladies and gentlemen. Among these facts are the following:

Two men meet upon the street. By their dress and appearance they belong to the "upper" class. They may shake hands, but in that they evince their cordiality by so much tightness of grip as to give a bystander the impression that they are testing each other's muscular capacity or manual endurance.

"How are you, old fellow?" roars one.

"Right side up. How are things with yourself?" responds the other."

Then they take up positions just where they met in the middle of the sidewalk, and may continue to parley about personal matters for a quarter of an hour, quite oblivious to the fact that they obstruct the thoroughfare, and are an element of annoyance to the streams of pedestrians moving up and down the street.

In places of entertainment patronized by fashionably dressed and apparently cultivated people, one's ears will be dinned by the loud and frivolous chatter of his neighbors, so that his enjoyment of the performance is marred.

In the service of the church, such levity and indifference are exhibited by people who claim to be religious, that a Mohammedan would be confirmed in his idea of the impiety of "Christian dogs."

☞ A man may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead-pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender-button in his hand, and wondering whether it will hurt more to pull the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in, or push it on through.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

☞ It is very hard to live in this world and keep the tenderness, the purity, and the truth of a little child. Happy are those who do; but, if the petrifying waters of deceit, and hate, and malice, and ingratitude, harden some hearts, who shall wonder?

☞ Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Painting for Eternity.

When Apelles, the Greek painter, was asked why he bestowed so much labor upon his pictures, he replied, "Because I am painting for eternity." He used the word as a bold figure of speech; but we may use the word literally when we say that we are painting the picture of our lives for eternity. We use fast colors. Whatever pure and holy word or deed be wrought into that picture will stand there, imperishable and immortal. Whatever selfish or sinful thing be painted on that life-canvas can never be washed out except by the application of the blood of Jesus here in this present life. Now or never that precious blood availeth. When death comes, the process of painting stops! No strokes of penitence or of faith can be washed out then. The painting is finished, and finished forever!

Death frames the picture, and sends it on to the judgment-day for exhibition. Not a "private view" before a select company, but a public exhibition before an assembled multitude whom no man can number. For God will bring every word and every work into judgment, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. The picture of our lives which is presented before the "great white throne" will be forever unchangeable. If the canvas is adorned with deeds, however humble, for the glory of God, then the life-work will stand as an everlasting memorial of divine grace. If life was only spent for the gratification of sinful self, then the wretched picture of it will only be held up to "shame and everlasting contempt."

We may desire most intensely to alter the portraiture then, and to improve it, but the pencil and the colors were left behind us; the hand will have lost its cunning forevermore. We may importunately beg and beseech the righteous Judge to give us one more opportunity. The irreversible answer will be, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still. He that is righteous, let him be righteous still; he that is holy, let him be holy still." Seeing that these things are true, what manner of persons ought we to be in all conversation and godliness?

When the noble Russell was executed as a martyr to freedom, he handed his watch to a friend who stood beside him on the scaffold. "Take this watch," said he, "for I have no more to do with *time*. My thoughts now are only about eternity." That utterance of the dying martyr is a word in season for us all. We pastors who are setting about the Master's work anew, may well take note of the fact that we are preaching for eternity! Let every parent who reads this paragraph inquire of conscience, "Am I training up my children, not only for this world, but for the world to come?" Let every man of business ask himself whether he is only aiming to fill a bag that is full of holes, or as God's steward is laying up treasures in heaven? Young friend, are you training yourself for self-indulgence, or for the immortal crown?

Upon the walls of a Catholic institution in Montreal I saw, this summer, this brief line—"Nothing is long except eternity." That was a motto for every pastor's study, and for the walls of every dwelling. Let us all write up before us on the arch of the heavens. Nothing is worth living for but eternity.

"Let the clanging bells of time
With their changes rise and fall!
But in undertones sublime—
Sounding deep beyond them all—
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh but this word,
ETERNITY! ETERNITY!"

—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

Home Religion.

There is no place in which religion should be so little a thing of form and so wholly a thing of spirit—and a peaceful, happy spirit, too—as at home. Prayer-meeting piety answers a good purpose; and Sunday church-going piety has its uses; and that piety which is better than either, that makes a man deal justly and honestly with his fellow-men, is of priceless value to the community. But better than prayer-meeting piety, or church-going piety, or business piety, is that piety which lightens and blesses a home. Home religion is a thing of the heart;—which is the same as saying it is a thing of love. It may exist in connection with forms; and it may exist in its sweetest unfolding independent of forms. It may say grace at the table; and it may not say grace at the table. It may be gifted to sustain a family altar; and it may not have a gift requisite. But if the heart be right, there shall be grace and prayerfulness albeit forms be lacking in the family. There is a way of eating your food which thanks God better than any formal grace saying that can be devised. There is a way of kissing the wife after the meal, when the husband is leaving for his office, which covers the whole ground between husband and wife intended to be covered by the influence of the family altar. We have known a man ask a blessing on food which he himself condemned in the very next breath. To thank God for food, and scold your wife or the cook in the same breath because the steak is over-done, or the cakes not browned to your suiting, or the tea too strong, is something more, friend than impiety; it is indecency. Home religion should be loving first of all, and last of all it should be—loving. It should be very patient, too—especially on those days when it is hard to be patient. It should be cheerful, especially when it takes wit to invent occasions of mirthfulness. It should be brave, not to face the troubles that are without, but the troubles that are within. A kindly word, a pleasant speech, a cheerful or sympathetic look, a touch of the hand in the old tender fashion of the courting days, a stroking of the cheek and the soft movement of the hand over the hair, —"foolish tricks?" You are a fool if you say it, friend. You didn't think that they were foolish tricks once, and you were wiser then than you are now that you have dropped them. A little more courting in married life would keep married life what courtship is. The foolishness of love is wiser than the wisdom of hate; and the more foolish you are in these directions, the happier will your homes be and the sweeter will be your home religion.—*Golden Rule.*

England and America.

The relations between the American and English people are peculiar, and the impression is general that the two peoples are more antagonistic to each other than the people of other friendly powers. There is some truth in this, and yet discrimination must be employed to find it. (1) In the first place, the relations between the American people and the Queen-Empress are exceeding cordial. Victoria is honored and beloved in every American home, and no doubt she reciprocates the sentiment. (2) The British peerage is hostile to the American people, and in return is generally disliked by them. (3) The British middle classes and the Americans are friendly. (4) The British sub-strata are hostile. The explanations of these relations are not difficult to find. Between the Queen-Empress and the Americans it is nothing less than the admiration of a virtuous people, for the best model for a wife, mother and sovereign, that royalty has ever afforded. The influence of the Queen has been constantly and decisively on the side of free institutions, and this adds to her popularity among Americans. The peerage are by education and traditions, opposed to republican institutions. Their foundations lie in the feudal system, which is radically antagonistic to democracy. The English and American middle classes are united in religion and political principles and sympathies, and upon them and the Queen the friendly relations between the two countries depend. To Victoria and John Bright we owe escape from a French combination against us in 1862. The lower classes of America take their opinions of England from our old style Fourth-of-July orations, the staple of which was the old antagonisms of the wars of the Revolution and of 1812. The great influential and substantial bodies of the two peoples are in cordial sympathy, the Americans taking pride in England's wealth and power, and the English glorying in the greatness and energy of America.—*Interior.*

A Start in Life.

I would rather that my boy possessed good common sense to start him in life than plenty of money. If he has not this common sense no amount of training will greatly alter his condition in this respect. When I hear a father call his child a ninny, a blockhead, a simpleton, a stupid donkey, or a fool (as some parents will when they forget themselves), it occurs to me that such remarks rather reflect on the head of the family. The child, however, usually knows very well that his father is only excited, and does not really mean what he says. The next desirable requisite in my child's outfit would be a naturally cheerful disposition; not that I prefer the natural to the cultivated, for I do not. Cultivated cheerfulness is a charming part of any one's character, yet the natural is the surest, since I am very doubtful as to my being able to teach him how to acquire it. I should try to be cheerful myself, and thus induce him never to look upon the gloomy side of life.

☞ If you wish success in life, make perseverence your bosom-friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

Young Folks' Column.

Can You?

Can you make a rose or a lily,—just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall?
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?
Can you run like the brook and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin
Like the spider, a web so fine and thin?
Can you lift a shadow from off the ground?
Can you see the wind, or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with an echo and not speak first?

Oh, my dear little boy! you are clever and strong,
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things like a "grown-up" man!
Look at me, darling! I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.

—*Mary E. Folsom.*

Some Wonderful Ponies.

In 1865, Mrs. L—— sent a scotchman to the Shetland Islands to buy ponies for her, but with instructions not to bring any one that was over forty inches in height. After six months he returned with Lucy, Rebecca, May Ensign and Jessie; he had brought a fifth, which died on the passage; but it was thought very fortunate that he was able to get four to America; they are rarely transported safely, the change in food being so great. This man however, wisely bought enough of their own food to get them safely to America without any change being necessary. The food was dry fish and seaweed. This seems strange food for horses; but these ponies utterly scorned grain, grass or hay, until they found they could have no more fish to eat.

Lucy, the eldest, is a black pony, so old that her head is gray, and so gentle that nothing can startle her, and she is always ready to be driven or ridden by children. Rebecca, a brown, is often called grandmother; she is so very staid and correct, that she never will stray away, no matter how many gates are open—a temptation that the others never try to resist. Rebecca has a great affection for a very large family horse named George, and, during the summer, it is one of the sights of the place to go to the stable and see George and Rebecca keeping each other free from their common enemy, the fly. Rebecca will stand by the heels of George, whisking her tail around his legs, and he will swing his heavy tail about her body, performing the same kindly service of driving the flies away; they stand in this way for hours, keeping each other very comfortable.

May Ensign, also brown, is the swiftest pony in the collection; and these last mentioned ponies, Lucy, Rebecca, and May Ensign, are thirty-eight inches in height. Jessie is the prettiest; she is mouse-colored, with a dark line from mane to tail, and is smaller than the others, being not quite thirty-eight inches high. Here also we find the twin brothers, Henry Ward Beecher and Charley, only thirty-six inches high; they are so perfectly matched that you cannot tell them apart. They came to Buffalo four or five years ago, with a drove of sheep from Scotland; the drover brought them with him, meaning to take them West; but, upon reaching Buffalo, he found them so emaciated, that he feared to take them farther, and sold them to a gentleman in the city, who afterward sold them to their present mistress. They are justly considered one of the most curious sights of the place, and when their mistress appears in the park with the twins, as leaders, her "four-in-hand" do you wonder that the children think that there never was such a wonderful equipage seen before? The grown people think so too, judging by the great number that invariably follow her as she sits in her little carriage (made in London, to suit the size of the smallest ponies) and drives along, sometimes with a child beside her, of whom, perhaps, she does not even know the name, but who "wants to wide," and with her groom sitting behind in the rumble. But we have not yet mentioned the three ponies which are considered by their mistress as her "gems." On the tape-measure find thirty-two inches, that is the height of a fine little bay pony, Frank Tracy. Now look at this beauty, Agnes Ethel, the most perfect little animal, and only thirty inches high; and at this other fellow, George Washington, (so named because it was a Centennial colt,) of the same height as Agnes Ethel, thirty inches. Does it seem possible that such ponies are in daily use in a prosaic, matter-of-fact country like ours? But they really are, and many strangers go to see them; and I presume, some of you children may have heard of them before; and any of you can see them if you like, and every one come to the good city of Buffalo.—*St. Nicholas for December.*

The Eaves, the Flowers, and the Swallows.

Dusty and weather-beaten was the old eaves-trough—so very old, a part of it had actually fallen out, leaving a hole; and the rest was seamed with many a crack and crevice. Mosses began to gather in the grooves; and one day a wee, slender thing came up through the mosses into the light. Straight, pale and tender, this tiny plant grew up alone; in sun, in wind and in rain, it stoutly held its own. In silence, yet pausing not, it grew. Swiftly and surely it put forth leaf by leaf, until, one day, it was crowned with a golden crest of flowers; and then it proved to be the wee-est golden-rod ever seen.

No one knew how it came, or whence. All the neighbors were thinking of themselves. The grape near by was busy with its fruit. The trumpet-vine swung from the trees, its royal red trumpets ready for the King. The birds were teaching their fledglings how to fly, and the white clouds above in the blue were never still an hour. As for the plants, they never could have lifted their eyes so high.

So when these lofty folks saw the flowers in the trough, they began to wonder "Is it right? Is it best? And what shall we do with it?" they said among themselves.

In time it ceased to be a wonder and was forgotten.

Next year, out of the mosses in the crevice of the trough, grew a row of tiny plants, pale, slender and resolute. And they grew up swiftly, and flowered into five little golden-crested rods.

This time, the neighbors were disturbed indeed. They talked it over and over together, and wondered what next would come to pass.

At length, they got a pair of philosophers to come and see. They were two fork-tailed swallows.

They came, they perched upon the ridge of the roof, and looked and chattered. They said:—

"Little flowers are you mad, to come up in the trough and live without friends, or earth to grow in? Why do you so?"

"Because we were sown," said the flowers.

"But it is wrong," said the two birds in concert. "Whereunto may not this evil grow? You are misplaced, and are, moreover, the most ridiculous little pigmies ever seen."

"All we know is, we were sown," said the flowers.

"Why don't you refuse to grow?" said the birds.

"Because we are bound to do the best we can," said the flowers.

"At least, you could wither before the sun," said one bird.

"Or break before the wind," said the other.

"Or refuse to bloom," cried both.

"Oh," said the flowers, with modesty, "we may be little and lone; but let us hold our own about hearts, at least."

"But are you happy," said the birds.

"Most happy," said the flowers—and just then a ray of sun-light fell on them—"since we've done the best we could."

"And are you willing to live on, just for that?"

"Yes, oh yes," cried the five in a breath.

Then the stupid swallows flew away quite disgusted, and told all the wise plants that those five flowers were too ignorant to be taught.—*St. Nicholas for December.*

The Branded Hand.

The story of the branded hand will be remembered as long as John G. Whittier is read, and the thousands who gathered recently to unveil the monument erected to that brave man, Capt. Jonathan Walker, in Muskegon, Mich., will tell the story to their children's children.

He was the captain of a coasting vessel, and for humanity's sake assisted slaves to escape to the West Indies or the North. On one trip he was followed, captured, and taken to Pensacola, and bound hand and foot with heavy irons, thrown into jail, and secured by a large ring-bolt, with a five-pound shackle around his waist.

His sentence was to stand in the pillory one hour, pelted with unmerchantable eggs, one year in prison for each slave, seven in all, and have S. S. (slave-stealer) branded on the right hand with a red hot iron. All the bills and fines were made to exceed one hundred thousand dollars.

A boy who saw the eggs thrown, cried "Shame!" whereupon a wretch tore off the bandage which had hitherto protected the victim's face. The boy was arrested and fined.

Capt. Walker wrote to his wife from jail, "The Lord Jesus has been abundantly good to me in my afflictions, and I am sure He will accompany me through, for I cannot let Him go."—*Congregationalist.*

Woman's Department.

A Song for Every Day.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to-day;
Then out in the fresh, free air they swing
Under the sunny sky.

Along the path of useful life,
Will heart's ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, of care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerily learn to say—
Head, you may think; Heart, you may feel;
But Hand, you shall work away!

—*Selected.*

For the Woman's Department.

A Little Sermon.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymns and psalms,
And bid my spirit rest.

—*H. Bonar.*

"The article written by Thrace, "Restful People," reminded me strongly of my beautiful, sainted mother. Her lovely christian life eminently fitted her for a sympathizing friend and counsellor. Thrace's "Aunt Hannah" was so like my sweet mother, that I almost thought it must be her to whom she alluded. Beside her sick bed I learned the most precious lessons of my life. Her room seemed to me always, like the portal of the mansions of peace. Such a heavenly calm pervaded it, that weariness and care were alike forgotten, and there radiated such a tranquilizing influence from her that all who were in her presence felt refreshed and strengthened. There are a few such saintly ones, whose smiles are benedictions, whose words soothe and uplift, whose manners refresh and elevate. When in their presence we feel at once these are they who have attained, who through great conflicts have come to experience the richness of the promise to those that overcome—the "new name" the "white stone" and the "hidden manna,"—all these are no longer a mystery to them. They are calm in the hours of sorrow, calm when joy makes all around them bright, calm in sickness and in the hours of death. It is the little soul that worries; it is those with unconquered enemies within, who are restless and unhappy, and so disturb the equilibrium of their friends, that they feel like flying to the fields and woods, and seeking the tranquilizing influence of Nature as an antidote to their society. The want of a calm, quiet